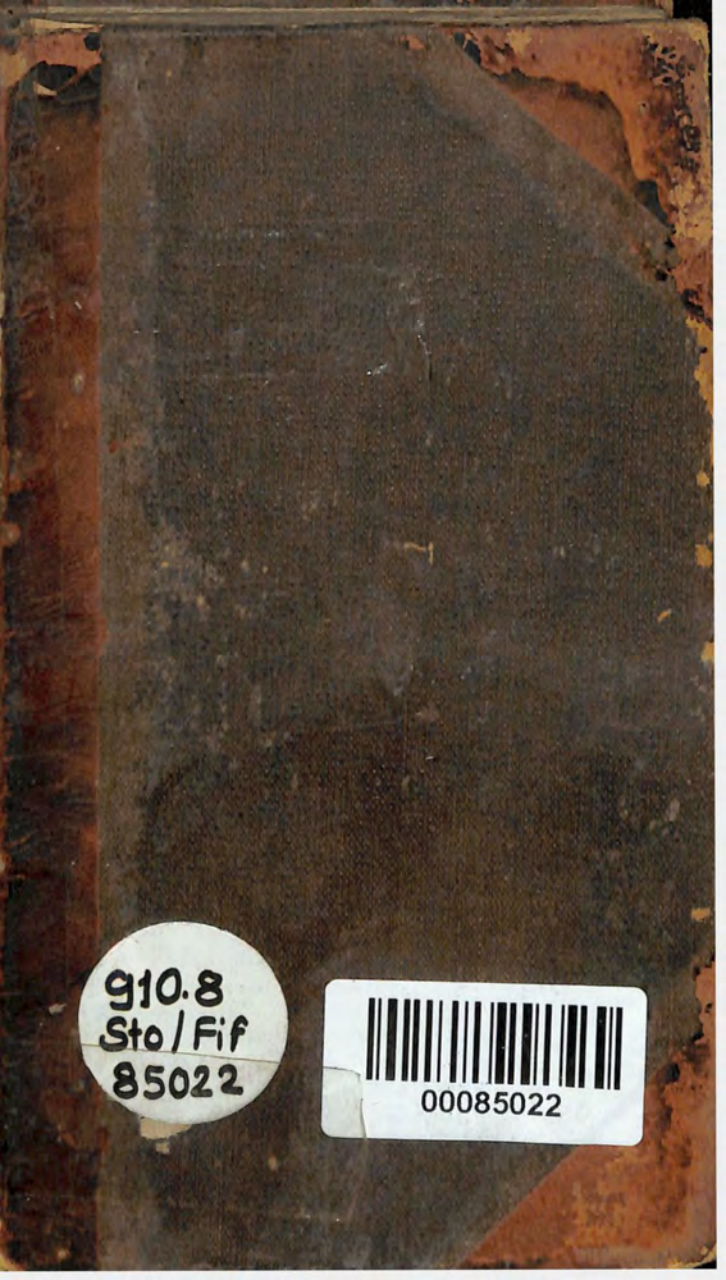
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OF THE
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FIFTEEN MONTHS' PILGRIMAGE

THROUGH UNTRODDEN TRACTS OF

KHUZISTAN AND PERSIA,

IN A JOURNEY FROM

85022

INDIA TO ENGLAND,

THROUGH

TURKISH ARABIA, PERSIA, ARMENIA, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY.

PERFORMED IN THE YEARS 1831 AND 1832.

BY

J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1832.

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A PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER I.

A view of a present and prospective Trade between Great Britain, Asiatic Turkey, and Persia.

Let those who have "souls above buttons," whose tastes, in plainer phrase, have not been vulgarized by commercial pursuits, turn to the next chapter. I am now going to discourse of trade.

Trebisond, the honey of whose rhododendrons destroyed so many of Xenophon's gallant Greeks, is, under judicious management, likely to become the inlet of a considerable British trade with the heart of Asiatic Turkey and the north and west of Persia. Hitherto those wants of the Moslem which his own ignorance

and indolence have failed to supply, have been chiefly fed by the merchants of Russia and of Germany. Their cheap light cloths, their brittle cutlery, and trumpery hardware, have been as yet almost the only specimens of European ingenuity and industry with which the subjects of the Schah and of the Grand Signor have been made acquainted. Instances of British skill, excepting in the form of costly weapons and glittering furniture, sent as presents to these potentates, have rarely been exhibited to the Turks and Persians; or the sacrifices they are wont to make to luxury would long since have recompensed the skill of the manufacturer, and the enterprise of the merchant. Let us hope that, late though it be, these latter will no longer leave a valuable market to the monopoly of their inferiors; but at once apply their exertions to competition in an extensive field, where, for some time at least, valuable prizes must be obtained. I speak advisedly: demand *will*, for a considerable period, vastly exceed supply; of course, the profits of the earliest adventures will excite

the ambition of later merchants, and the business, like all others, must in time be *overdone*. But this is clearly no argument against its commencement.*

Trebisond, favourably situated as it is to receive the produce of Great Britain, so long as the passage of the Bosphorus and the navigation of the Black Sea are open to us, is not, however, as it appears to me, precisely the spot where commercial establishments could take up a position with the view of extensively distributing their merchandize. It is too remote from the populous towns of Asiatic Turkey, and its adoption would consequently interfere with one very important object at the commencement of a trade, viz. the establishment of a closer connexion between the manufacturer and the consumer. It would be desirable,

* I am here speaking of a general and continual commerce. During the past two years a little has already been carried on by two or three adventurous persons, and they report that British manufactures, even of an expensive character, are purchased with great avidity. Not less than £750,000 worth of such goods have found their way to Persia through Arzeroum.

therefore, to direct attention to a more central emporium; and perhaps, considered in reference to its geographical position, no inland town offers greater temptations to the trader than Arzeroum. Situated near the confines of Persia, and in the direct road from Tabreez to Constantinople, it presents a point from whence to communicate readily with either place. With Bagdad, Damascus, and all parts of Syria, the intercourse is kept up by frequent caravans, and the same conveyances afford an easy access to Kars, Van, Diarbekir, Erzinjan, Tocat, and Angora.

The agent of a British commercial house once established at Arzeroum, would naturally enough direct his attention, first to the description of goods in demand, and next to the mode of procuring consumers. Demand of course fluctuates in all countries, both in quality and extent; but I doubt if amongst the Orientals there is as much caprice in taste as distinguishes European society, while in costume there is a proverbial permanence of fashion, which even the firmans of the Sultan can with difficulty

shake. Perhaps, however, the security of the trader in this respect will be more than balanced by the frequent changes in extent of population and personal wealth incidental to a government at once barbarous and despotic, and to a country exposed to the ravages of contagious disorder, and the calamities of war and revolution. He will, therefore, do well to calculate on other contingencies than the prospect of competition alone.

The articles in chief request in Persia and the Turkish towns above enumerated, are woollen cloths, cotton manufactures, silks, cutlery, iron, porcelain, iron, pipe-bowls, hardware, fire-arms, loaf and other sugars, dye-woods, spices, glass ware, (particularly cut glass,) stationery, and indigo. The chief part of these have as yet been imported from Germany and Italy, and have met with a considerable sale, though, like Peter Pindar's razor-seller, the exporters appear to have consulted their own returns, rather than their customers' comfort. I doubt, however, whether it be quite fair to attach a charge of wanton imposition to the German merchant. The Persian and the Turk hug their bags, and

regulate their expenditure rather with reference to what is cheap, than what is permanently useful. A bad knife at six piastres would find a readier sale than a good one at ten ; and this false economy fire cannot melt out of the Asiatics—they " will die in it at the stake." The British speculator must therefore play the same game, and buy or make articles of a better quality than the German, under-selling him if possible, but certainly not *exceeding* his prices in the market.

The people with whom the merchant or his agent will be chiefly called on to transact business, will be the Armenians. These people were formerly very numerous in Arzeroum, but upon the Russian occupation of the place in 1828-29, not less than 97,650 were driven into the Russo-Georgian provinces, by dint of threat, promise and persuasion, in order that their industry, knowledge, and capital might supply the want of these materials of prosperity* in one, at least, of the wild and un-

* In the treaty last concluded between Russia and Turkey, the former power adroitly procured the introduc-

civilized portions of the autocrat's dominions. Such, however, has been the peculiar mild and politic conduct of Russia towards these unwil-

tion of a clause which gave to the subjects of either nation, during eighteen months, the liberty of settling wherever they might wish. She followed this up by causing the emigration of the Armenians to cities within her territory, and pretended that they *had made their election by the act of departure*—and, from that moment, had become her subjects. But this is a fallacy, a sophism, the hollowness of which will be apparent to any one who examines the measures taken to induce the Armenians to quit Arzeroum and the surrounding districts. Every artifice and persuasion that cunning could devise were put in practice, and, where these failed, force was employed. "The Armenian bishop was employed to state from the pulpit the gracious intentions of the emperor towards the emigrants. He promised, in the emperor's name, that they should all be settled together, in a town which was to be built purposely, to be called St. Nicolo. Houses, lands, implements of trade, and even money, were promised;" and the bishop, on his own part, used every argument to induce the Christians to quit the country of the Mahomedan lords. In the hurry of departure, the Armenians sold their houses for much less than their value; and where no purchasers offered, the buildings were pulled down, and the timber sold for fuel. But notwithstanding these sacrifices, the poor emigrants fell victims to perfidy. None of the promises made were kept; but accounts were received that they

ling colonists, these unhappy victims of seduction and compulsion, that, at the time of my visit to Arzeroum, numbers were returning thither by stealth; sacrificing, rather than remain in Georgia, their wives and children, who had been retained as hostages! And I have since learned that, up to February last, many more were daily entering the Sultan's territories.

These Armenians generally possess large capital, extensive connexion, and considerable

were living in tents; provisions were enormously dear and bad, and general misery prevailed. This result urged the remaining Armenians to attempt the murder of the bishop; but he escaped wounded from the fury of the populace, and was conveyed away by the Russians into the interior, after robbing the church of Arzeroum, which was reputed to be very rich. The emigrants had petitioned Marshal Paskevitch to be allowed to return to their abodes. He demanded re-imbursement of the expense incurred in bringing them away, and they, rather than remain in Russo-Georgia, made great efforts to comply. There is do doubt that the anxiety of the Armenians to return is general; and if the Turkish government were once persuaded of the justice and policy of restoring the property they had sequestered on the Armenians' departure, there is no doubt these latter would employ every effort to escape either by stealth or stratagem.

talent for business. The lower orders of them are the chief workers of brass, of copper, iron, and leather—in short, the chief mechanical employments are in their hands. They are, however, a timid and a crafty race, and will overreach their employer, if he does not use constant vigilance and frequent bullying.

From Arzeroum the merchant might occasionally dispatch travelling agents, in order to exhibit samples of goods, or open a communication with some trustworthy individual in the interior, with the same view. In a country which is not blessed with those felicitous means of transmitting intelligence which newspapers furnish, other schemes must be put in operation for awakening the cupidity of the people; and I am not sure whether the display of a brilliant specimen of printed cotton, or useful cutlery, would not have ten times the effect upon the mind of a Turk or a Persian, that could be produced by an advertisement, even though concocted by the indefatigable Mr. George Robins.

Nor is it solely on account of the facility of

thence distributing European goods, that Arzeroum would be valuable as the seat of a commercial agency. No slight importance may be attached to it as a medium for the purchase and dispatch of such portion of the produce of Persia and Turkey as may either furnish good returns to England, or hold out advantages in a *separate commerce on the spot*. The Turks, for example, consume large quantities of the shawls, silks, and silk stuffs of Persia, and likewise import from the same quarter no inconsiderable portion of indigo, (brought from India by the Persian Gulph,) gall-nuts, pipe-sticks, Shirauz tobacco, blue calicos, cotton and dried fruits. They moreover trade, to a decent profit, with the Turkish towns in the interior, and thence derive tobacco, red calicos, prints, and Mocha coffee.

In dealing with a Turk the English merchant may take with him the assurance that he deals with a man who is integrity itself. The assertion may appear a little startling to those who have been accustomed to associate the words "rogue" and "Moslem," but I believe there

are few Levant merchants, and fewer travellers, who will not bear me out in this testimony to Turkish probity. Advance them goods to any reasonable extent, with the view of subsequent retailment, and they will punctually bring you their periodical returns, and deliver up such portion as they despair of selling to advantage. The genuine trader will smile at this mode of doing business, and ask why the ordinary routine of bills or discount cash payments is not in vogue? The answer is simply this. The Turks are rarely large capitalists, or at least rarely profess to be so, lest the avowal might tempt the rapacity of their governors, and the bowstring be resorted to as an accessary to sequestration. They cannot, consequently, undertake to pay at a future day, a sum of which they are not in actual possession, for they *will* not sell to a loss, and they *may* not be able to get a profit. This state of things will probably suggest to the merchant the expediency of having retail agents at Mosul, Diarberkir, Tocat, &c., when he cannot find wholesale purchasers with cash in their hands. It may

be a "piddling" system—but it is safe and a profitable course.

If the Turk be the soul of honesty, the Persian, on the other hand, does not enjoy so high a reputation for the integrity of his commercial transactions; and it requires no slight effort to wring out of him the amount he may be indebted to the merchant. Having but few exchange commodities, his payments are chiefly made in Russian ducats, and as he experiences some difficulty in getting them in his turn, it is probable his delays are more accidental, than the result of loose principle.

Though Arzeroum be selected as the *nucleus* of the proposed trade, Trebisond must not be left without its separate agent, as the clearer and despatcher of consignments from England. At present, and for a considerable time to come, it would unquestionably be the best plan to leave this town to the British consul, whose knowledge of business, the people, the country, and the language, would render him a most valuable ally in any and every new undertaking. At any rate a corresponding house at Trebisond

is indispensable to the Arzeroum concern, and lest it might be imagined that the profits of the trade would be materially affected by too many participators in the spoil, it is worth while devoting a few words to the notice of the commerce which might be carried on between Trebisond and other *ports* in the Black Sea. This is of the more importance, because it will rarely, if ever, be in the power of the Arzeroum merchant to procure an entire cargo of Turkish or Persian goods for *British* consumption. He must often be content to freight the vessel to Constantinople, Smyrna, Odessa, the Crimea, or ports in the Mediterranean, or send her thither in ballast, there to load with articles in demand in England. I see no other way of remitting to the principals.

The trade from Trebisond to Constantinople, the Crimea, and other ports in the Black Sea, consists of the produce of the neighbourhood of the former port, viz., nuts, wax, stuffs, box-wood, and galls; some gums, goats wool, and other produce of the interior—the produce of Jenik, (a province bordering on the western

part of the district of Trebisond, and belonging to that Pachalic:) grains of various kinds, hemp, flax, linseed, peas, beans, &c.

The trade *from* Constantinople, &c. chiefly consists of salt in large quantities, coffee, sugar, cottons, cloths, sheeps' wool, a few hides, iron, and tin. It ought not to be concealed that this import commerce is at present, and has hitherto been, chiefly confined to the speculations of the owners of Turkish bottoms, and the shopkeepers of Trebisond, but there is nothing to prevent a fair proportion of it falling to the share of the British trader.

With the province of Abassia a trade is carried on in small craft and boats. They take thither coarse cotton manufactures of Turkey, some Aleppo stuffs, a little sulphur and lead; but the principal bulk of their loading is salt. These articles they barter with the natives, receiving wax, honey, butter, furs, hides, all in small lots; and, in larger, boxwood, oats, Indian corn, and barley. To this traffic may be added, with all reverence to the laws of Great Britain and the outcries of philanthropy, a small com-

merce in *slaves*. It is from Abassia's shores that the Turk derives the lovely Circassian tenant of his harem. Russia has prohibited this trade, but it is still carried on *sub rosa*.

It must be taken into consideration, in embarking in any undertaking of the nature here pointed out, that the trade between Trebisond and the interior can only be carried on during a certain period of the year. From November to March the falls of snow are so exceedingly heavy and the weather otherwise so inclement, that few—I believe I may venture to say no caravans—dare risk a journey over the mountains. Very recently an English gentleman proceeding with a quantity of merchandise between Trebisond and Arzeroum, was overtaken, when at the summit of a mountain, by a violent snow storm, which compelled him and his followers to quit their laden horses and run down the hill as fast as their legs could carry them. *Their* lives were saved by this step, but the poor horses perished, and the travellers were obliged to wait until the weather had cleared up before they could re-ascend the hill and recover their packages.

Nor is the land passage the only obstacle to trade during the long Turkish winter. The voyage from the mouth of the Bosphorus to the coast of Anatolia, and much further eastward, is, it is true, undertaken by small Turkish craft, but I doubt if vessels of two hundred tons burthen ought to risk the attempt; and, granting that they succeed in reaching their destination, they will find but few winter anchorages where they will be secure from injury, while going back is quite out of the question. During the months of November and December 1831, the British schooner, *Syad Khan*, did certainly ride out, in the port of Trebisond, some of the worst weather, which, according to the report of the oldest natives, had ever been experienced in that quarter. The good fortune of Captain Middleton, however, is the exception rather than the rule; and it would be downright temptation of Providence to let his success form a ground of encouragement to future speculators.

I have dwelt much on the advantageous situation of Arzeroum in a commercial point of view; and, in doing this, I have rather kept in

mind its means to meet the wants of the Turks of Asia Minor, and to supply a nearer market to the merchants of the northern districts of Persia than Constantinople, (whither they are now in the habit of proceeding,) than its capabilities to supply the vast population of the south and west of Persia. To effect this latter object, I think it would be found necessary to go a step further, and fix an active agent at Tabreez. The importance of such a measure may be judged of by the geographical position of the town; the security of the person and property of an Englishman, arising out of the residence of the Prince Royal and the British mission; and the admirable opportunity that presents itself of superseding the German and Russian market of Teflis.

If the British government could be prevailed on to direct a little more of its attention to our interests in Persia, it would probably see the great advantages that might accrue from the appointment of a consul to Tabreez, both in view to the protection of trade and to its encouragement. At present some inconvenience

might be sustained from the capricious manner in which duties on import goods are levied; for, as this is determined with reference to their value, the appraisement of merchandise is more frequently made to depend on the wants and wishes of the subordinate authorities, than on the invoice prices of the goods, and the probable prices they will fetch in the Persian market.

The Russians have a consul and a commercial treaty, and they feel the benefit of the precaution.

I believe nothing remains to be added to this sketch of the trade actually existing, and that which may be formed; unless, perhaps, an allusion to the rate of duties on internal commerce be considered necessary to its completion. "It may be imagined"—I quote from a document drawn up by the consul—"that natives can carry on an interior trade more economically than a foreigner, and that inland establishments are unnecessary. However true this may be in other countries, it does not apply to Turkey. Foreigners pay only one duty, let them carry their goods to any part of the empire. The

natives pay a duty every time goods change hands."

Of the extent of the trade hitherto carried on, and of its rapid increase, some notion may be formed from the tabular returns of arrivals at Trebisond, during the years 1830 and 1831,* which I have derived from an official source. These returns will exhibit an increase of nine European vessels in the arrivals for the past year. Amongst them it will be seen that not more than three English vessels figure; one in the first and *two* in the the second year. This numerical inferiority arises from the trade being but little known in England; those who are in the secret, and who have been pocketing eighty per cent. by their speculations, have an interest in keeping the world in the dark.

The Asiatic coast of the Euxine is at present but little known to English navigators, and has probably furnished some ground for hesitation on the part of owners to send their vessels thither. Underwriters have also warily ab-

* See Appendix, B.

stained from insuring an argosy whose ventures were uncertain, from the absence of good charts and sailing directions. This is a difficulty I am trying to get over; for it has been my good fortune to fall in with a little treatise on this particular navigation, in the French language; a translation of which, with certain emendations, corrections and additions, will, I believe, be shortly put forth under the auspices of Mr. Norie of Leadenhall-street.

On the whole, and I have frankly pointed out all difficulties and hazards, it strikes me that this conclusion may be safely arrived at; viz. that there exists excellent material for an extensive trade; and it only requires a little patience, and some method, to render it a profitable field for the merchant, and a relief to the manufacturer.

CHAPTER II.

Odessa Mole—Russian corruption and espionage—A Lazaretto—The town of Odessa—A winter journey—Fruits of victory—Sufferings of Polish prisoners—Radzivilloff—A narrow escape—Brody—Lemberg—Journey to Vienna—Military puppyism.

If the reader has any curiosity to learn the particulars of my voyage across the Black Sea, I must refer him to the kind-hearted, seaman-like commander of the Elizabeth, the accuracy of whose log would do credit to a first-rate man-of-war. *My* salt-water reminiscences are of a very sickening character: I can never recall the items of a voyage without being immediately seized with a fit of vertigo, or a disposition to lie down. I can merely remember that we were tossed about for seven days and seven nights,

the sport of contrary winds, which, acting upon a confined body like the land-locked Euxine, produced a sharp cross swell, and a rapid, irregular bubbling of waters, that rendered it no easy matter for the vessel to keep her head. I have tried the Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, and the Gulph of Persia, but have not hitherto found any reason to dissent from the poet's assertion.—

> "There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
> Turns up such dangerous breakers as the Euxine."

On our arrival at Odessa we were visited in the usual manner, ordered on shore that our freedom from pestilential indications might be satisfactorily ascertained, examined, and remanded to the harbour to roll and pitch about for another week, (a period of *observation*, as it is called.) At the close of this week the vessel was admitted to the privilege of *entrée* into the mole, in order to discharge and re-load. My destination was the lazaretto, there to undergo the purification involved in a fortnight's confinement. Unhappily, however, I found, on

presenting myself for admission, that my reception had been positively interdicted by the Russian government, ostensibly because my passport bore no Russian counter-signature, but, in reality, because I was an Englishman, and of that class most obnoxious to the government of the czar,—an Englishman from India. Several of my countrymen, who have passed through Russia on their way to England, have published "over-land journies," and in these works have indulged in an exposé of the peculiarities of Russian rule. The effect has been, not to correct the enormities and absurdities held up to public scorn and ridicule, but to excite a vigilant surveillance over the movements of later travellers, and to obstruct their views. I was nearly becoming one of the victims of this increase of severity.

Count Pahlen, the governor general of Odessa, declared he *dared* not admit me, and I was advised by the harbour master and captain of the port, to take my passage to Constantinople, and seek a different route. I had had quite enough of crosses and impediments hither-

to; I was now resolved to make a stand. In this determination I was most cordially and kindly asssisted by Mr. James Yeames, the British consul general, who addressed an earnest appeal to the Russian authorities against the cruelty of repulsing an European, from the first port in Christendom it was his fortune to reach after crossing so large a portion of Asia.

While the negociations were pending I was confined to the mole, and to the society of the ship masters and quarantine officers who tenanted this bleak, isolated, and monotonous emporium. If this was not particularly instructive or entertaining, I found a compensation in observing the pranks of office, and the temptations to corruption practised by these parties respectively. Every branch of the simple business of warping in, unloading, filling, and despatching a vessel, appeared to be subservient to a multitude of vexatious and severe ordinances, left to the execution of slaves of various degrees, from a colonel and a count, rejoicing in huge silver epaulettes, ribbons, crosses, and stars, to a wretched private covered with

vermin, and fattening on black bread and salt. But perhaps this rigidity of Russian regulations ought not to be deplored, inasmuch as their violation or evasion are rendered a matter of trifling difficulty, owing to the inadequacy of the means taken to enforce them. The persons employed to carry their operation into effect, so far from being placed above all temptation to corruption, are generally so miserably paid, that they do not scruple to wink at the greatest abuses, or commit the most serious breaches of trust, if their "itching palms" are properly gilded with ducats, or silvered over with roubles. It is in fact a common observation throughout Russia, that *every thing* or *any thing* may be achieved there with money. Money purchased Warsaw at the moment when independence was within the Polish grasp; money broke down the barriers between Russia and Gallicia, and secured the flight of thousands of the proscribed and shaven Poles; money purchases the orders and medals which decorate the breasts of many heroes who "never set a squadron in the field;" and money, "filthy

drachmas" would even relax, for those impatient of imprisonment, the quarantine rules in the halcyon days of cholera and plague.

Convenient, however, as this accursed thirst on the part of the *employés* is generally found to be by those who have the misfortune to live within the autocrat's dominions, its operation is singularly annoying in matters of business, where the performance and not the evasion of a duty is called for. The accessibility of our custom-house officers may unquestionably be retorted on us by the Russians with some degree of reason; but who ever heard of English clerks delaying the execution of the simplest duties, where unofficial individuals are concerned, until their exertions had been quickened by a fee? Yet to such an extent is this system of extortion carried in Russia, that although it is a fact that "every thing may be accomplished *with* money," it is equally true that nothing can be done there without it.

At the expiration of the days passed in correspondence and negociation, Count Pahlen, for once in a way, permitted reason to triumph over

formality and oppression, and I was allowed to enter the Lazaretto. I can readily believe that the indulgence must have cost the Count a struggle, and that long ere now perhaps his rash decision has been visited with some expression of imperial displeasure. It would be strange indeed, if the refinement of northern espionage omitted a scrutiny into the acts of governors general. They who possess the "entire confidence" of their sovereign, cannot of course be confided in. A secret police, a kind of *imperium in imperio*, must therefore be established in each province and great town; and as their objects and even their persons are *no* secret, every act of the executive is indirectly referred to their previous approbation. The effects of such an agency may be easily conceived. Every liberal and honourable disposition is either fettered in its just exercise, or may incur, in an attempt to throw off the incubus, the risk of misrepresentation, and its probable consequence—Siberia. Bribery might do something; but governors general have not sufficient means for the gratification of their inquisitors' rapacity. And

yet good, and brave, and enlightened men can be found to lend their services to the state under so abominable a system, and be proud of the approbation which attends the faithful execution of their odious duties.

Previous to my admission into the Lazaretto, I was obliged to send up my clothes to be fumigated for twenty-four hours, retaining merely sufficient to screen me from the inclemency of November weather. The fumigation had been most effectual. Every article of woollen clothing, originally black and green, had been transformed into a *rich yellow*, and each item of linen so thoroughly impregnated with the fumes of nitre, that nothing short of dire necessity could have induced me to wear them. I remonstrated with the medical men in charge upon this abuse of my wardrobe, and demanded compensation for the pecuniary injury thus inflicted on me. Compensation from any one in the Russian service! I must have been mad. "Sir," said the doctor, (an under-bred, fine-spoken fellow,) "I can yield you no relief; but I will explain to you how the effect you complain of has been

produced. You understand chemistry perhaps? Then you must know there is a powerful composition called oil of vitriol, and another called nitre, and these, with divers other ingredients, form a *mélange*, which being deposited in a vessel whose mouth is exposed to the air, yields a *delicate vapour* that diffuses itself throughout the apartment, and of course comes in contact with the various articles therein suspended. Your clothes, I *suspect*, have had rather too large a share of the particles of evaporation, &c. &c." I bowed low in acknowledgment of this explanation, and suggested that probably if the doctor's own mother was murdered, it would be to him a matter of perfect indifference provided it was done *scientifically*.

However unpleasant a residence in Russia may be rendered by the fears and caprices of the government, and the insalubrious character of the climate, a Russian Lazaretto, at least the Lazaretto of Odessa, is not so intolerable as persons are apt to imagine. It is healthfully situated on an eminence south of the town,

overlooking the harbour and mole, and in external appearance resembles rows of ground-floor cottages, with court-yards and palings* in front, surrounding a lawn on which several trees are planted. Each cottage, with few exceptions, contains two rooms varying from ten to twenty-five feet in length, and from six to twenty feet in breadth, with a stove between the walls of each apartment, admirably calculated to impart sufficient warmth to both. Although the Lazaretto was thickly tenanted, I was so fortunate as to find one of the most spacious prisons vacant, into which I instantly moved my smoked goods and chattels, and was moreover accommodated with a rickety table covered with suspicious marks, and two creaking strait-backed chairs without arms, cane bottoms, or cushions. In addition to these household goods, the bounty of the government supplied me with a brawny filthy servant or gaoler, termed a *guardiano*, whose business it was to observe carefully that

* *Double* palings, somewhat resembling a caging for wild beasts.

I held no communion, excepting across a double grating, with the rest of mankind.

My first employment on entering this new abode, was to devise schemes for rendering confinement, or rather the *sense* of it, endurable. *Per se*, a little incarceration in decent quarters during part of a Russian winter, is not disagreeable; but it must be *voluntary*, for otherwise, (such is the perversity of human nature) though all Russia be frost-bitten, and the snow lie ten feet deep throughout the autocrat's dominions, you feel a pressing inclination, which it is impossible to gratify, to take an occasional promenade. At first I thought of converting my quarters, after the device of the ingenious Leigh Hunt, into an arbor, by covering the bare walls with representations of trellis-work and vines; but, setting aside the trifling difficulty of my utter want of talent in this department of embellishment, and the equally unimportant fact of my being without the necessary materials for disfiguring the walls, it occurred to me that luxuriant vegetation with the thermometer at 20° Fahrenheit would scarcely har-

monize, and that therefore my fancy and my fingers' ends would be constantly engaged in a torturing game at cross purposes. Some idea afterwards presented itself of painting my stove, with the same disregard of means and appliances, to imitate an English fire-place; but this suggestion vanished before the prospect of a future charge for "damages done to quarters No. 3."

In this digestion of plans the first few hours wore away. My books, after due fumigation, were subsequently brought to me; and, in addition to the *agrêmens* thus furnished, the talents of my neighbours began to develop themselves in various departments of music. At the back of my quarters lodged (or *was* lodged *malgré lui*) an Italian disciple of Paganini, who gave full employment to a fine-toned Cremona, in executing some of the most exquisite productions of Rossini, Mozart, and Beethoven. This gentleman had a companion —fancy pictured it a fair companion—who fingered, passably enough, either a harp, a guitar, or a mandolin: the touch was too delicate to

enable me to distinguish which. My next neighbour, No. 4, was remarkable for pursuits which sadly embarrassed all my conjectures. Washington Irving's "Stout Gentleman" did not involve his fellow-lodgers in half so much perplexity. My *inconnu* knocked all day and walked all night, commencing his perambulations precisely at the very moment when I lay down to rest,—"Macbeth did murder sleep." No. 5 contained three Greeks, a man, a boy, and a girl, who occasionally sang in concert some charming barcarolles with the accompaniment of a guitar. Beyond them were imprisoned the suite of Count Yermoloff, who had just returned from Constantinople, where he had been with presents to the Sultan. These domestics occasionally danced the mazurek, or mazurka, roaring forth some popular roundelay, annihilating space by the mere force of their lungs, for the benefit of prisoners at a distance. The inhabitant of No. 2, my right hand neighbour, was remarkable for nothing but coughing and snoring; sounds, which in conjunction with my greasy *guardiano's* eternal *soliloquies*, pro-

duced no unpleasant variety. Altogether the Lazaretto was a cheerful and rational place of confinement, and the fortnight passed away without my sustaining any material increase of bile or loss of animal spirits.

My reception in Odessa was most cordial and flattering. The British consul, and the merchants to whom I had been introduced, were liberal of their entertainment, and eager to show that they did not partake in the inhospitable character of the government.

Odessa, if Count Woronzow succeeds in procuring some durable stone for the construction of the pavement, will one day become a magnificent town. The magnitude of most of the patrician residences, as well as of the store houses, churches, and other public edifices, added to the classical taste displayed in their erection, and the judgment evinced in selecting their respective sites, conveyed ample assurance to one accustomed to mountains and deserts, that he was again within the pale of civilization; whilst the "busy hum" which characterized the chief streets, and the bustle that pervaded

the exchange and coffee rooms, fully testified that the town was a great mart of commerce and the resort of men of wealth and intelligence. Forty years since Odessa was but a miserable fishing village. It owes its rapid transition to a state of opulence entirely to the public spirit of the Duc de Richelieu.

The society of Odessa is naturally enough of a very mixed character. The contiguity of the port to the Archipelago, and frequent resort thither of vessels from the Mediterranean, cause a material influx of Greeks and Italians. Russians occupy the major part of the employments under government; Germans congregate as agents for the traders resident in the interior: there are a few English, and herds of Jews monopolize the minor branches of trade. Before the revolution of 1830, there were many Poles likewise resident in Odessa, who by the influence of superior intelligence and considerable wealth, gave a tone to the whole character of society; but the unhappy turn of events which has all but erased that brave people from amongst the nations of the earth, has imparted

a new complexion to its general features and supplanted gaiety by dulness. Gambling is very prevalent in Odessa, and is carried on with a degree of spirit and temper that can scarcely be conceived. In fact, it is the all-absorbing recreation.

I visited the Italian Opera House, the only dramatic establishment in the town. It is narrow and lofty, affording admirable facilities for hearing, and great obstructions to seeing. It is ill lighted, excepting on great occasions, and the scenery is evidently not the work of a Stanfield. The orchestra is extensive and well arranged; the prima donna is a fine woman, the choruses are tolerably harmonious, and the prompter has *great strength of lungs.* Though the majority of the residents in Odessa are musical people, the Opera is still but poorly attended, whence, though the government contribute handsomely to its support, the state of embarrassment in which its finances are involved.

As the post roads were reported to be covered with troops returning to winter quarters, by

whom all the post horses were seized for "public service," I judged it prudent to contract with a person to convey me to Brody, in Gallicia, in a private carriage with private horses, which was agreed to for the small consideration of four hundred and fifty roubles!

The post-road from Odessa to Brody is said to be execrable. I can only speak of it from report, but I can scarcely imagine it worse than that which we adopted. Nature was in an ill mood when she formed Podolia, and Art has, as yet, done nothing to repair her negligence. We started on the 30th of November—three of us in three separate carriages; a worthy old English merchant, resident in Odessa, occupying a landau, an Italian merchant travelling from Mariopol a britska, while I had a barouche. The journey, it was expected, would last a week: it was not completed in less than a fortnight.

I have preserved but few memoranda of this trip, for it offered no variety of adventure and presented little that called for observation or record, which may not be found in the able

works of Drs. Clarke and Granville, and other travellers in Russia. Snow and sledges, vermin and vexation, Jews and jugglers, kashmas, cossacks, and cold, formed the chief ingredients of the journey, and suggested mutual congratulation on its termination. Between *Balta* and *Percia* we were benighted, and all but imbedded in the snow, which every moment fell thicker and faster, and with the assistance of a violent north-east wind promised to render our lodging on the Steppe any thing but comfortable. Some villagers rescued us from a situation of no little peril, and we ultimately found our way to a small hamlet and obtained *accommodation* in a hovel, fifteen feet by ten, inhabited by five Jews, seven Jewesses, six children, two dogs, a cow and a calf.

At Toolchin,—a small and rather a pretty town, which is at all times a considerable military depôt, but at the period spoken of was the head quarters of General Roth's division, I fell in with a Russian officer who had recently been gathering laurels and hard knocks at Grocow and Ostrolenka. He showed me some

polite attention in compassion to my ignorance of the classical and euphonous tongue in use in old Poland, and over a bottle of donskoi,* indulged in greater freedom of speech than is usually employed in that quarter. After a little general discussion I ventured—cautiously ventured—(having the fear of a domiciliary visit from the police before my eyes)—to touch upon the affairs of Poland, and was then indulged with an exquisite piece of bravado "*Ah! nous avons fini tout cela nous autres! Les Polonais sont des braves gens: ils ont combattus comme des Tigres,—terriblement,—terriblement. Mais que voulez vous? Qu'est que c'est tout cela? Quand le patte du lion se met sur le souris, que peut fair le pauvre? L'histoire parlera de la revolution comme d'une petite emeute; un mouvement ridicule arreté par le son de la voix de l'Empereur de la Russie!*" I could not help suggesting that this "*son de la voix*," unless he metaphorically alluded to a Russian habit of speaking through the medium of artil-

* An inferior kind of champagne made on the banks of the river Don.

lery and vollies of musketry, would have stood but little chance of being heard had it not been accompanied by the thrusts of an hundred and twenty thousand bayonets. To this he made no reply, but filling his glass exclaimed, "*Ah ça! Le Paskevitch est un Mars moderne!*"

At *Lintin* we found a large body of troops quartered for the winter, and between that place and *Klina Constantinoff* met numerous detachments of regiments returning from the recent campaign. They were *victorious* troops, but where the trophies—the honours—'the merry fife and shrill trump'—the floating banner and the shout of gladness, that should mark the coming of the triumphant? The god of wars did not sanction this crusade against liberty.

Weary, wounded, broken, and dispirited, the straggling divisions slowly moved from town to town, but were neither greeted with the smile of welcome nor the cheer of approbation. Here might be seen a party of infantry in motley costume, deficient of appointments and bearing broken muskets; there a troop of cavalry, (half of them dismounted,) the wretched

residue of some gallant corps, that had fought with a spirit worthy of a better cause: cannon on cracked carriages, carts laden with dead men's clothing, empty knapsacks and canteens, sword scabbards and banner staves, headless drums and pointless lances, were met at each turn. Prizeless and pennyless the military every where sought compensation at the swords' point, at the hands of their own countrymen.*

The villagers and town's people were loud and bitter in their plaints, for plunder and oppression had distinguished the night's halt of each detachment of disciplined serfs.

Nor were these the only distressing scenes that marked the close of this unhallowed war. The manacled and bleeding Pole, escorted by

* I was witness to some horrible instances of the licentiousness of the Russian soldiery. On one occasion I saw a trooper sieze a valuable brass candlestick belonging to a Jew innkeeper, as an indemnification for the loss of a *cotton handkerchief*, which *he said* had been stolen from him in the inn. The Jew and his family remonstrated with him and offered a more equitable compensation, but the brute would not be satisfied, and after striking and stabbing severely some females in the house, rushed out and sold the candlestick to a comrade.

his savage conquerors, might ofttimes be seen wending his weary way in the direction of Siberia's wastes; and, now and then, a covered britska, guarded by rude Cossacks, would mark the captivity and progress into exile of some distinguished chief. Prince, peer, and peasant, centurion and centinel, all shared the same fate; their mode of transport furnishing the only clue to a surmise as to their rank and quality.

I am not much of a politician—and, if I were, my readers should not be tortured with my creed in this place—but I cannot help feeling that whatever "right" Poland might have to attempt to shake off Russian thraldom, and however justifiable Russia might, on her part, be in suppressing the revolt, the course of the conflict, and the subsequent conduct of the victor, have certainly entitled the vanquished to the sympathy of the whole world.

We reached Radzivilloff on the 13th of December, and here experienced a narrow escape from the jaws of death. We put up at a small house, nicknamed a hotel; and, after a bad

supper, threw ourselves on the ground, and, covered with our cloaks, sought a little repose. About midnight I awoke with a violent pain in my head, and a sensation of sickness; my eyes continually flashed fire; my hands, feet, and forehead were cold and clammy; my respiration was impeded. Cholera, of course, thought I. The room was dark as Erebus, and it was sometime before I could grope my way to the door. The fresh air brought me a little relief, and I contrived to rouse up the servants and drivers, who procured me a light and a glass of water. Returning to the room, I found my English friend groaning and shivering; my Ausonian companion sighing, crying, and praying. What was the matter? and what the remedy? The matter was soon discovered to be—suffocation! The waiter at the inn, anxious to get to bed, had closed the chimney of the *peech*, or stove, before the embers were extinguished; the smoke consequently could find no outlet but through the walls of the stove; whence, diffusing itself through the room, it was by we three, sleeping, inhaled. We were

told for our consolation, that this kind of *accident* was common in Russia, and that whole families frequently fell victims to the inattention of domestics in this particular. Our remedy lay in time and patience.

Our departure from *Radzivilloff* was in some degree obstructed by the pertinacious inquisition of the post* and police authorities; but a liberal distribution of fees at the various gates and frontier portals, enabled us to get into Gallicia without being deprived of our papers, or punished as foreign spies.

At *Brody* we sent on our passports for the counter-signature of the magistracy at *Lembery*, and in four days were enabled to move. It was a great relief. Brody is, of all towns in the world, the least inviting. There is neither club, nor café, nor theatre. The people are all traders, and nearly two thirds of them Jews. It is a free town, and goods are consequently

* The Director of the Police had received his appointment for his patriotism and magnanimity in tearing out the entrails of a Polish officer with his spurs, after he had dispatched him in conflict.

cheap and abundant. I think I was told the annual value of the importations was not less than six millions of florins, two millions of which are *in transitu.*

There was no accommodation to be obtained at *Lemberg*, or *Leopol*, or *Lvoff*, as it is variously called by German, Pole, or Russian. Seven hundred Polish officers occupied all the hotels and lodging-houses; and by their consumption of the necessaries of life, produced a sensible effect in the prices of provisions. They atoned, however, for the burden their presence imposed on the community by the amenity of their manners, and the spirit of gaiety they diffused throughout. The *neutrality* of the Austrian government offered no check to the sympathy of the Gallicians, and a delicious *oubli* of past misfortune was sought in perpetual mirth.

Lemberg is an exceedingly pretty and well built city. It stands at the foot of a hill, and is approached on the east by an excellent chaussée. I do not exactly remember the amount of population, but I have a memorandum that there were forty thousand military

quartered in and about the town at the period of our visit. The public buildings are small; in fact, excepting the hall of justice, which is a remarkably handsome edifice, they are scarcely distinguishable from the private residences. The theatre, where plays are alternately performed in the German, Italian, and Polish languages, is a miserable structure; and the interior so wretchedly contrived that the occupants of all boxes, but the direct centre, only get a glimpse of the stage by dint of incessant *craning.**

It was determined by my companions that we should engage a separate eil-wagen, or post-coach, for ourselves, since there were no vacancies in the Vienna diligence for the ensuing fortnight. I did not object, and we started on the evening of the 23rd of December, amidst a heavy fall of snow. The Austrian posts are exceedingly well arranged; the vehicles, saving their perpendicular backs, (those foes to easy slumber,) are tolerably commodious and cleanly;

* A sporting term, well understood by those who look before they leap.

the postilions smart and civil, the horses sleek and strong.

We reached *Tarnoff* in a couple of days, and stopped to dine at the Hotel de Cracovie. The town was full of light cavalry and cuirassiers, who were on their way to head quarters from service on the *cordon militaire*. While at dinner, several young officers entered, and went to the adjoining billiard-room. Hearing us speak English, one of them, whom ill-nature would designate a puppy, and whose brogue announced him a Milesian, advanced to the table and introduced himself. "Pleasant journey, eh? Going to England, I suppose—long time since I was there—like Austria devilishly —a fellow is made *so* much of. Ours is a splendid corps, and we are all animated by such a d——d high sense of honour." One of my fellow-travellers hinted that that was a very general military attribute. "Ah! but ours is so *peculiarly* high. We make a point of fighting all new comers who jump over other's heads. A captain of another regiment succeeding to a vacant troop in ours, *must* exchange

shots with the whole corps. We are *so* high-spirited." I asked him in what esteem the English troops were held by the Austrians, and was answered: "*We* despise 'em!" Yes, such is the egregious vanity of these creatures of tinsel and parade; who have not an officer amongst them that "the division of a battle knows;" whose every movement is directed by the collective wisdom of an Aulic council; and whose history furnishes fewer records of victory than any military nation in the world;—such, I say, is their overweening pretension and blustering ignorance, that they affect to hold lightly the armies which drove Napoleon out of Spain, and re-seated an exiled family after twenty years contest with the best disciplined troops in Europe. The detachment, in the company of whose gallant centurions we now found ourselves, had just been signalising itself by a war upon those inhabitants of Poland who had had the temerity to cross the frontier, and carry cholera into the Austrian dominions. Cows, pigs, dogs, hens, and chickens, had fallen victims to their rash attempts at the diffusion of pestilence; and

even "a beautiful woman" (I use the very words of my informant) had received her death-wound from the redoubted cuirassiers.

We halted at *Vilitska* for a few hours, and I endeavoured to obtain a peep at the famous salt mines in the neighbourhood. Unfortunately, however, it being Christmas-day, the miners were absent, and as neither post-master, post-boys, nor post-horses, could be got to move until the ceremonies of the day had been observed, we were content to remain at a decent hotel, and seek the conversation of the few intelligent guests it contained. The next morning we left for *Podgorze*, but were stopped at the barrier of *Cracow*, on account of some informality in our passports. To rectify these it was necessary to retrograde a few posts to *Bochnia*. While the post-master there was taking the requisite steps for remedying the omission we entered an auberge, and craved the advice of the *gastube*, or innkeeper, as to our future proceedings. This he afforded with the greatest promptitude, declaring he had infinite pleasure in serving the English, for he knew

them to be an excellent people. He had studied the map of England, and "knew the situations of Woolwich, Yorkshire, Blackheath, Le petit Rutland, Blackguard, Shakspeare, Suffolk, &c." This jumbling of counties and vagabonds with Shakspeare and villages was infinitely diverting; but I could not help feeling grateful, at the same time, for the effort, however ludicrous, which our host made to manifest his interest in English affairs. The passports having been put through the necessary formality, we resumed our journey to Vienna.

CHAPTER III.

Vienna—Modern costume—The German Opera—Sketch of the road to Braunau—Linz—Skyrznecki—His retreat from Warsaw—His conversation.

WHAT would be thought of me if I were to attempt at this day a description of Vienna? If writers speak sooth, she has not altered in the least within the last forty years—her government, her edifices, her social institutions remain in *statu quo*, maugre Napoleon's invasion and the "march of intellect." De Stael's vivid sketches, if I may be allowed the expression, are still the traveller's text-book, and the "*Description de la ville de Vienne*," published in the town itself at the close of the last century, only wants the addition of some half a

dozen pages (for the record of a few new schools and institutions) to supersede at the present day all want of a cicerone.

It is a common error amongst tourists to imagine it their duty to note down every trifling particular regarding the towns they may honour with their presence, forgetting that those who have gone before them have indulged in the same *minutiæ*, with probably the same claims to correctness. Here, quoth they, stands the cathedral of St. Etienne, there the imperial palace; here rolls the noble Danube, there flourish the bosky avenues of the Prater. The world is content to receive the traveller's *impressions*, and his views of society, if they be original and piquant; but it acknowledges small gratitude to the man who merely records that a river's course is unchanged, and the site of a building undisturbed. Let me therefore abstain from all such impertinences.

I said *all* was in *statu quo*. Not precisely so. Modern costume,—by which I mean the frock, waistcoat, and trowsers, black cravat and cylindrical hat, which distinguish the denizens of

London and Paris,—has become "your only wear" at Vienna. The stranger no longer sees the picturesque Hungarian tunic, the furred boot, and the old hussar chaco; nor is his eye ever greeted with the flowing robes and ample turban of the visitor from Stambool. The strength of the Turk has waned; he cannot pace the town, as of old, with the pomp and insolence of a powerful enemy; while neither commerce nor sympathy give him welcome as a guest. The Hungarian noble, however, still enjoys an elevation, or perhaps I should say a distinction, in the Austrian capital; for dress your thorough gentleman as you will, his "physical aristocracy" is proof against all the caprices of fashion and of time.

Munich, I believe, is considered the centre of German musical strength and musical taste. Vienna *must* stand next. In this city was Mozart born, and the Germans are too grateful for his valuable legacies not to cherish the art which he has so greatly adorned. With what enthusiasm will not the humblest chorus-singer enter upon the performance of his share of

the "*Giovinetti que fate*"* of Don Juan—with what ecstacy will not the mimic hero of that exquisite opera troll forth the "*Una festa*," or execute the tender serenade under the window of the confiding Anna! And then how intense the devotion of the audience! No idle gabbling, as at our Italian Opera; no assembling to vie in lace and diamonds with a prouder or a wealthier votary of fashion, but a religious attention to the rich festival prepared on the stage and in the orchestra—a critical observance of the tones of each singer, and a sensitive apprehension of the slightest instrumental discord. I have seen tears shed during a performance of the "Marriage of Figaro," and have observed a fourth-rate singer turn pale at the sense of a trifling imperfection. It is this combination of taste and zeal that renders the opera in Germany so delicious a treat to those whose souls are alive to the charms of music, and I can imagine no ~~sensual~~ pleasure

* I give the Italian name of the air, as it is better known in England by that than by the German title.

greater than that of hearing a chosen company of Vienna vocalists in one of Mozart's *chefs d'œuvre*, excepting that which the vocalists themselves enjoy in the silent respect paid to their efforts.

It was not my fortune to see any of the imperial royal family during my stay at Vienna, nor to enter into that circle of society where a few interesting *renseignemens* might be gleaned. I haunted the cafés and clubs, where I found but few fiery politicians, and fewer close observers of the signs of the times. A great number of the people of Vienna think of little beyond the gratification of gross appetites and of perpetual entertainment. Delicate cates, light, refreshing wines,—the ballet, the opera, the waltz, the billiard table, the pipe, and the promenade, make up the business of life. Here and there, however, chance threw me into the society of grave and intelligent individuals, and from them I learnt that the emperor is adored; that his eldest son Ferdinand, the king of Hungary, is detested; that the death of the former will be the signal for the deposition of

the latter, and that Hungary cries aloud for independence. I learnt nothing in the subsequent part of my journey to invalidate this interpretation of the state of public opinion.

The Duke of Reichstadt is not popular in Austria. The upper classes complain of his temper, the middle ranks dislike his hauteur, and the soldiers murmur at his severity.

A stay of eight or ten days enabled me to see all that was curious and interesting in the Austrian capital—the galleries of Prince Esterhazy, the manège, the museum, the theatres, the palace of Schœnbrunn. I resided at the hotel *Schwartzen Adler*, or Black Eagle, and beg to recommend the auberge for its cleanliness, the attention of the waiters, and the quality of the entertainment. Our Italian friend quitted us here *en route* to Trieste, and we proceeded alone to make the best of our way to Munich.

Beautiful as is the scenery of Gallicia, Silesia, and Moravia, I can imagine few roads more picturesque than that between Vienna and Braunau. It lies for a considerable distance along the right bank of the Danube, and is

covered with forests of firs interspersed with cleanly hamlets, while on the opposite side the eye of the traveller can rest, and be gladdened with the perpetual prospect of hill and dale, castle, convent, chapel, valley, and plantation. It was in the depth of winter that I passed through this enchanting part of Austria, and can imagine, from the view it then presented, what a paradise it must be in the summer season. Plenty, tranquillity, and security, marked the internal condition of the country, and religion seemed to occupy as much of the attention of the people as the calls on their manual exertions. Politicians abuse the government of Austria; its restraints on the press, its hostility to public freedom in any shape, its severe taxation of the necessaries of life, form so many grounds of cavil, and unfavourable comparisons with the government of freer nations. But surely this is superfluous censure. The true end of government is said to be, the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," and where is this principle reduced to finer practice than in Austria? Where is poverty rarer, employ-

ment more general, the comforts of life more abundant? Where is there a people more attached to their rulers—or less inclined to murmur at their own condition? It is not that the Austrian is in a state of intellectual degradation, or the mere slave of sensual gratification, for Germany holds a high place amongst the enlightened nations of the earth. It is, I should say, the happy result of a felicitous combination of mild sway and economical expenditure on the part of the governing;—a rational philosophy and a cheerful temperament on the side of the governed.

We left Vienna for Munich in the common eil-wagen, and reached Braunau on the 6th of January. Here we learnt to our consternation that there was a quarantine on the Bavarian frontier of twenty days, and that we must wait fifteen for our turn of admission to the temporary lazaretto. I had had enough of quarantine detention, and now resolved to alter my intended route rather than to submit to any more. A few minutes consideration determined the matter, and we agreed to proceed to Saxony,

thence to Berlin, Hamburg, &c. We therefore took our places in the return wagen and beat a retreat to Linz.

Arrived at the post-house at Linz, in Austria, my first care was to ascertain whether the authorities at the police office would render our passports available for Berlin without the necessity of sending them on to Vienna for the counter-signature of the Prussian minister. But it appeared that no arrangement of the kind could be accomplished. We were, therefore, constrained to make up our minds to remain at Linz until the return of the passports from Vienna, whither they were accordingly sent without delay. As soon as this business had been despatched we removed from the Post Haus to the hotel *Goldenen Löwen*, (Golden Lion,) where, as a fellow traveller from Braunau had apprized us, the celebrated Polish chief, Skyrznecki was residing incog. Not many minutes after we had been installed in our new domicile, my companion proposed that we should send up our names to the general, and solicit permission to pay our respects, a

proposition so consonant to my own wishes that I did not hesitate a moment to acquiesce. The *garçon* warned us that there was little chance of our suit being granted, inasmuch as Skyrznecki had been for two months and a half a tenant of his apartment and invariably declined all visits; but we entertained a presentiment, pardonable enough if the acknowledged influence of the English name on the continent be considered, that *our* application would not be rejected. The *garçon* left us, and shortly afterwards returned with a look of surprise and good-humour, saying, that the general would be most happy to receive "the two Englishmen." Our emotions may easily be conceived. My venerable companion had resided for many years in Russia; he had been a witness to the odious system of government prevalent in that empire; he had formed many valuable friendships amongst the Poles, and though deprived by the rigidity of Russian regulations of those means of becoming acquainted with the course of public events which are available in freer countries, he had nevertheless contrived to learn

as much of the progress of the affairs of Poland as sufficed to identify Skyrznecki in his mind with every thing that was brave, honourable, patriotic, and skilful. For my own part, shut out as I had been from almost all intercourse with civilized society for the previous eight months, and necessarily unacquainted as I was with all but the unhappy results of the Polish revolution, I did not anticipate a higher degree of bliss than that of seeing and conversing with a soldier and a patriot of good repute. But even this was something to a man writhing under the mortifying reflection that he could not now visit the lands that gave birth to a Hofer and a Tell, or the scenes of their daring deeds in behalf of political independence.

The hour fixed upon by the General for our visit arrived. We went up to his room, knocked at the door, and were instantly admitted. Had we been utter strangers to the name and character of our new acquaintance, our demeanour might probably have been more assured; but it is quite impossible that we could have felt the less respect for the individual who now rose to

receive us. There was an air of majesty in his port, blended with the most perfect grace, that irresistibly attracted the homage of meaner mortals. Had I met him in the street, I should involuntarily have taken off my hat, or at least have turned to contemplate his "noble presence." In stature, he might have been about six feet high—perhaps more; in carriage he was erect, without possessing a shadow of the ordinary stiffness of the militaires of the continent; his countenance was pale and somewhat wan, (evidently the result of confinement, inactivity, and distress of mind.) But his eye!—and his forehead! His keen grey eye, which at one glance uttered a thousand sentiments—that at once spoke a consciousness of rectitude, a capacity to command, a sense of its owner's adverse condition, a feeling of goodwill to all men, and a welcome to his immediate visitors—his vast expanse of forchead, that encased the purest and noblest of minds!—these features could only belong to one of gentle blood, accustomed to a "space in the world's thought," and "dominion over his fellow-men." He was plainly attired

in an olive frock and black trowsers, and had apparently been reading; for, on rising, he laid down a book. We apologized for the liberty, &c., but were speedily re-assured, and in a few minutes had gone over various interesting subjects of discussion. On taking leave of the General, we were invited to drink tea with him that evening *à la mode Anglaise*, an invitation which we gladly accepted; and we returned to our apartments in excellent humour with the accident that had thus brought us acquainted with one of the best and greatest men of the age. My worthy fellow traveller did not understand a syllable of French, (the language in which we conversed,) but so animated and expressive were Skyrznecki's gesticulations, that he declared himself almost as much delighted with the interview as if he had interchanged sentiments with the hero, or had comprehended every word he uttered. In the evening we were, as may be supposed, true to our appointment. The conversation, naturally enough, referred to the affairs of Poland; and such progress had we made in one another's confidence

in the course of an hour, that on my expressing my ignorance of many of the most important and interesting features in the history of the recent revolution, Shyrznecki volunteered an account of the whole business from its commencement down to the capture of Warsaw. I endeavoured, on retiring to my chamber, to commit to paper all that I had thus heard, with a view to its subsequent publication; but on submitting the manuscript to my illustrious friend, he seemed to think that the dignity of the theme demanded something beyond a mere narrative—that it was of consequence enough of itself to form the subject of an entire volume; upon which I destroyed my memoranda, lest I might be tempted hereafter to make use of the meagre materials, at the expense of a serious and important cause. I the less regret the step, because No. 20 of the admirable Cabinet Cyclopedia of Dr. Lardner, contains a history of the insurrection, which in spirit and in phrase corresponds, as far as my memory serves me, almost entirely with the description given me by the General.

As a pendant, however, to that "History," I am tempted to insert a narrative which I am persuaded will be read with interest by all who sympathise with the fortunes of so exalted a character and brave a soldier as Skyrznecki. It is a relation communicated by himself of his flight from Warsaw to Cracow, after he had been deprived of the command of the Polish army, and General Krukovinski had assumed the general direction of affairs. The narrative may not possibly be fraught with so many striking events as the description I have somewhere read of the Pretender's flight after the battle of Colloden, but I venture to hope that it will at least be found as attractive as the sketch given in Dr. Lardner's book of Stanislaus's escape.

NARRATIVE OF SKYRZNECKI'S ESCAPE FROM WARSAW.

Krukovinski's preponderance, the rage and intrigues of the clubbists, and the danger to his liberty which the expected success of the

Russians threatened, suggested to Skyrznecki an immediate retreat from Warsaw. The hope, however, of a favourable change in political sentiment, added to affairs of a private nature, dictated a prolonged stay, provided it could be accomplished without exposing him to personal injury. With this view an honest citizen on whom Skyrznecki could rely, was consulted, and requested to assist his temporary concealment within the town. The man complied, though the hazard was great, and immediately assigned an apartment in his own house to the General's use, and supplied him with every comfort he could desire. Skyrznecki's wife in the mean time continued to reside in their own house, but all communication between them was purposely avoided. Accustomed to an active life, the rigid confinement to which Skyrznecki was now subject, ill assorted with his inclination or his health. He was therefore induced, after a time, to take occasional walks at night-fall, and on one of these occasions determined on a visit to his wife. He paid it, and the people of the house betrayed him to the existing govern-

ment! The consequence was that the police were instantly on the alert to ascertain his retreat, and to arrest him, while the clubbists anxiously sought to assassinate him. Every friend he had was visited and closely questioned regarding their conusance of his movements and situation, but their replies kept the interrogators still in the dark. Skyrznecki, however, found that it was now high time to beat a retreat from Warsaw, and the only question was, how to effect it? His host, in conjunction with his wife, concerted the means, and at length induced the son of an old servant of Skyrznecki's stepmother, who resembled Skyrznecki in stature and complexion, to apply for passports to enable him, as it were, to leave Warsaw on his own account. The passports being obtained, they were delivered to Skyrznecki, and a night fixed for his departure. Disguised as a valet, Skyrznecki repaired at the time appointed to a neighbouring street, where a carriage and his own horses waited to receive him. He jumped up and started off at a hard pace, successfully passed the barrier, where his

person was compared with the description given in the passport, and succeeded in reaching an inn not far from the next town. While he remained at the inn, two *gens-d'armes* came in and demanded his passports, which, having been shown, *accompanied by a rouble*, they left the place. The innkeeper, a Pole, perceiving, however, that his guest was a more distinguished individual than his papers set forth, earnestly counselled him not to pass through the town; "for you must know, sir," said he, "the commandant of the place is accustomed to sit at his window, to watch all travellers, to stop and question them; and believe me, sir," he added, "you will never pass this scrutiny, for you do not look like a servant." Skyrznecki deemed it prudent to act on this disinterested counsel, and after refreshing his horses set forth on another route, or rather plunged into a forest (whose mazes were unknown to all but the peasantry of the country, who warmly assisted the flight of their superiors,) and drove on until he reached the precincts of a town,* where a

* Anxious not to compromise the safety of those who

priest to whom he was known, and who was attached to him, resided. He consulted with this priest the means of advance while his horses were feeding; and another priest having been called in, it was agreed he should again alter his route, since the river Pilica, which it was necessary to cross, offered an impediment to his progress, inasmuch as all the bridges had been destroyed during the campaign by Skyrznecki's own orders, to prevent the Russians from harassing his rear. Being ignorant of the newly proposed route, a peasant was engaged for a trifling sum to convey Skyrznecki and his driver to the proposed destination. After a reconnoissance, they set off. On their road they encountered two Polish dragoons, in the interest of the clubbists, but testifying neither alarm nor curiosity at this circumstance, they escaped their suspicion or scrutiny. Reaching a narrow part of the river, they crossed it on rafters, and continuing their route reached a town where

aided his flight, Skyrznecki carefully avoided naming the towns through which he passed, lest it might furnish a clue to the residence of his friends.

they stopped to refresh themselves and horses. At the inn where Skyrznecki put up, the Burgmeister of the town presented himself, and questioned Skyrznecki as to his person, his intentions, his destination, &c. Skyrznecki evaded his question in a good-humoured way, and told him he should know after dinner. The repast being finished, the Burgmeister renewed his inquiries, upon which Skyrznecki informed him that he was a Major Stanishewski, and desired to proceed to a particular town. The Burgmeister, however, frankly told him he believed him to be a Russian spy. Skyrznecki reasoned with him on the absurdity and injustice of such a supposition, and in evidence of his being a genuine Pole mentioned the names, condition, residences, and means of various persons in the country round. The Burgmeister, nevertheless, was sceptical; but after detaining our hero four hours, became a little more accessible to reason, and permitted Skyrznecki to depart, accompanied by an officer of the police.

Skyrznecki had not, however, proceeded three versts from the town when he was overtaken

and arrested by six lancers, who had orders from the irrresolute Burgmeister to carry him back. Skyrznecki, finding it vain to attempt resistance, submitted to the mandate and returned.

On his arrival at the town he found a room prepared for him and strictly guarded. He sent for the Burgmeister who accordingly presented himself, and things having thus reached a very hazardous crisis, Skyrznecki deemed it necessary to declare himself openly to his gaoler, and request his assistance. Concealing, however, the chief causes of his flight, Skyrznecki represented to the Burgmeister that he was an emissary from the Polish government, (of which it was known he had been a member,) and was proceeding to a palatinate town in order to assist in the formation of a new constitution for Poland. The Burgmeister, on this declaration being made, threw himself at the feet of the General, entreated his pardon for the severity he had exercised; dwelt with mixed emotions of pity and regret on what the General had suffered, and instantly supplied him with the means of prosecuting his journey.

He was now to enter upon the most dangerous part of his peregrination. He had the choice of either attempting to pass the Russian outposts, or the outposts of a branch of the Polish army composed of, and attached to the clubbist party. Divers reasons influenced him in the choice of the latter difficulty, and after night-fall, he approached a spot where the Polish picquets were bivouacking. He was challenged on his arrival, and having given the name he assumed, was conducted to the tent of the lieutenant-colonel commanding, who proved to be a cousin of Madame Skyrznecki's, and an old acquaintance of the General's. After taking some refreshment, and discussing with this person the affairs of Warsaw, (of the latest news of which place our fugitive was the bearer,) he desired to depart; but the lieutenant-colonel told him to his surprise, that he could not suffer him to proceed until he had apprised General Roushidski, who commanded the whole of the outposts, of his arrival. Finding remonstrance unavailing, Skyrznecki consented that the General should be informed, but entreated

that the reply might be expedited. As General Roushidski had received his command from Skyrznecki himself, the latter of course expected nothing less than full permission to depart. But he knew not how completely General Roushidski was in the hands of the faction to whom his deposition was owing. Instead of the freedom he anticipated, an order came for his being sent to a town, whither he did not wish to repair, under the escort of an old officer, bristling with arms, whiskers, and mustachios, accompanied by a lancer. Skyrznecki surveyed his guard from top to toe, and seeing they were more than a match for his single arm, his indignation could not be restrained. He protested against such an unwarrantable interference with his personal liberty, and conjured the lieutenant-colonel to disregard the injunction, and let him depart alone. But his wife's cousin was as completely the tool of the Polish jacobins as his superior officer, and pleading the military doctrine of implicit obedience to orders, informed Skyrznecki that he was sorry, &c., but that he must per-

force carry into effect Roushidski's instructions.

As a *dernier ressort*, Skyrznecki now solicited an interview with the General, which, after some time spent in deliberation, was agreed to. Skyrznecki accordingly got into his carriage, and waited, outside the quarters of Roushidski, the interview in question. General Roushidski soon made his appearance, but to the surprise of Skyrznecki, accompanied by a staff of at least twenty officers, amongst whom Skyrznecki recognized a number of his most determined enemies. At the first moment he uttered an exclamation of astonishment; but Roushidski, approaching the carriage took him by the hand, and squeezing it significantly, gave him to understand that the less said in anger the better. Skyrznecki accordingly turned to familiar matters, and spoke of the latest news from Warsaw, and the affairs of Poland generally. Alluding to the latter, the factious members of the staff assumed a lofty tone, and catechised Skyrznecki regarding many of his military dispositions during the war; they likewise censured much of his go-

vernment, and complained that he had shown undue favour to the Polish aristocracy, in collecting them about his person, in preference to more or equally deserving men of humbler origin. Skyrznecki did not long condescend to argue with these persons; he boldly told them that he did not recognize their right to question him, and absolutely refused to hold further parley. He then desired leave to continue his route without an escort, as it did not sort with his honour to be kept under such *surveillance*, at the same time that it was an indignity he did not merit. The clubbists, however, steadily refused, but in a milder tone, to comply with his wish. He persevered; he pledged himself that he would repair to the town they had indicated, though sore against his will; and appealed to his character as one who had never broken his word, and as a general who had often led them to victory, as security for the performance of his promise. Without appearing to consent, they suffered him to depart, and for four German miles he pursued his route undisturbed by any other re-

flections than those suggested by his situation, and by a struggle as to whether he should ultimately take a road which led to one of his own farms, or keep his promise towards the ruffians he had recently left. In this state of mind he arrived at a point where the road branched off in two different directions, one leading to the town he had promised to repair to, the other to his aforesaid farm. He deliberated a moment between inclination and his parole, and ultimately suffered a high sense of honour to triumph over the suggestions of nature. At the end of another mile he reached the town, but found a short time previously that he was pursued by two clubbists on horseback. On arriving at the barrier his first question was as to where Prince Czartorinski might be found. A house, with lights in the window, was pointed out to him, and thither he repaired at full speed, the clubbists still in hot pursuit. He entered the house and found the prince and several friends in council. They received him with open arms, and earnestly solicited intelligence of the state of affairs at the capital. In the mean time the

clubbists who had followed Skyrznęcki were endeavouring to raise a clamour in the town, and shortly collected a crowd around the house. A lieutenant-colonel of firm character and extensive influence went below, and partly by reason, partly by threats and reprovals, subdued the angry spirit which had been roused. He then conveyed Skyrznecki to his own chateau, gave him fresh horses, and accompanied him without further molestation to Cracow.

It might have been supposed that in this independent little republic his troubles would have ended; but the treason which sapped the foundation of his eminence, and hastened the Polish catastrophe, had spread its poisonous influence to the very confines of Poland. Even in Cracow, clubbists, who had sought a retreat from the disasters of the campaign, meditated the murder of their chieftain. He was therefore obliged to take refuge in the house of the Bishop of Cracow, until a new enemy, in the persons of the Russian troops under Rudiger, entered the town, and obtained information of the place of his retreat. It now became necessary

to screen him from the vigilant search of his foes, and a large dark cellar beneath the Bishop's house was selected for the purpose. In the mean time the Austrian consul was solicited privately to assist his flight into the imperial territories, to which he consented, and after a little time contrived to convey the illustrious subject of this sketch across the Vistula to Podgorze in Gallicia, where he was received with cordiality and distinction.

Skyrznecki was subsequently directed by the Imperial government to repair to Linz, (avoiding Vienna* in his route,) there to remain on his parole until the Polish question should be brought to some definitive termination. In that little town I found, and there I left him, hourly expecting to be joined by his wife,† (whose society he had not enjoyed for sixteen years,) and patiently awaiting the course of events, which should enable him either again to take an active share in directing the affairs of

* To prevent unnecessary excitement in the town.

† She has since joined him.

his unhappy country, or to repair to England to study the institutions and the manners of a people for whom he entertains the highest respect.*

The ordinary charge preferred against Skyznecki by his countrymen is, that his religious notions are *too exalted*, his sense of honour *too refined*, and that from these properties of his mind the fall of the Polish cause is mainly to be ascribed. Others have gone the length of imputing religious intolerance to their leader. Without pretending to discuss how far it might have sorted with the honour of Poland, to have secured her independence at the expense of her

* I heard from Skyrznecki after I left Linz. In letters from Berlin and Prague, I communicated to him the opinion entertained of his conduct by several Polish refugees of distinction, and these memorable words were contained in his reply. "I may have committed some faults—what general has not committed them? But I can declare solemnly to whoever it may be, that I was an upright man in my political career." "He has spoken the truth," said the old Count Mostowski, (late Prime Minister at Warsaw,) to whom I showed the letter. "He was all honour; and as a soldier he possessed every military quality but the most essential—good fortune!"

best friend's moral character, I must at least be permitted, once for all, to deny the justice of the imputation affecting the liberality of his sentiments. I never in my life met with a man more tolerant of all religious creeds, more indulgent to the followers of all faiths. It is true, he is a strict Catholic, and earnestly rejoices in the diffusion of the tenets of the Romish church; but he neither seeks to force their adoption upon others, nor to deprecate the worship of God as Allah or as Bramah—devoutly believing that, under any form, the prayers of the truly sincere are acceptable to the Most High. I happened one evening to venture upon a discussion of the comparative merits of the Romish and the Reformed church; avowing myself, (and I entreat the indulgent reader to bear with me patiently in the avowal,) but half a convert to the Protestant worship, having, until my thirteenth year, been bred up a Roman Catholic. I mentioned that on my arrival at Vienna, I went to the cathedral to return thanks for the protection I had enjoyed on my journey from India; and that, while

there, I felt as one who had again sought the society of old friends long since discarded, but his friends knew him not, and his heart smote him. I experienced a kind of indecision, and reproached my own apostacy. Skryznecki's reply to this confession, humiliating as I felt it, illustrates what I have observed above. "*Cela ne doit pas être, mon ami! L'indecision et l'indifference sur les affaires religieuses ont toujours des suites funestes. Il faut être quelque chose. Soyez Juif, soyez Mahometan, soyez Bramiste, soyez Catholique, mais choisissez vitement et restez ferme!*"—laying a strong emphasis on the last word.

Do these sentiments belong to a bigot, or are they the offspring of a candid, liberal, and ingenuous mind?

I hate your systematic conversation-monger, a man who only listens to relate, and exposes for the lucre of gain the unpremeditated effusions of his friend. It is undoubtedly a just compliment to the colloquial powers of an eminent man, that his remarks should be remembered by his hearers, but the practice which has obtained

of late years of "taking notes," and committing them to the press, is an infamous abuse of the confidential intercourse of private life, and should be visited by the expulsion from society of the offender. Entertaining these sentiments, I shall abstain from laying before my readers all that the stores of my memory supply connected with the conversations of Skyrżnecki; and shall merely present them with a few of his observations illustrative of the brightest features in his character—his candour and simplicity.

Though he deeply lamented that England (that is, the government of England) did not declare herself favourable to the Polish cause, or at least that she withheld her aid, he did not censure the authorities, but on the contrary admitted that it was *impossible*, in the then state of her domestic affairs, that she could yield much assistance. "I cannot, however," said he, "acquit France as readily. She *promised help*, and gave us nought but sympathy. Austria was a better friend: she publicly avowed impartiality, but, under the rose, ·ent us arms

and ammunition. Ten thousand musket barrels, packed in champagne cases, were passed across the frontiers, and would have been of substantial service, if we had had hands to put them into. When Lithuania rose against the oppressors, thousands joined us, but we had then no arms to give them—when weapons came, we had no one to wield them."

He mentioned that he had heard with pride that the Duke of Wellington had approved of the military dispositions of the Polish army, and had said, "They have done exactly what they ought to have done." "Come," said he, "that *is* praise—true, gratifying praise. The Duke is the first general of the age, and is well entitled to judge of the conduct of other soldiers. It is vexatious," he added, "to have one's actions criticised by people who know *nothing* of the difficult art of war."

Skyrznecki took a great deal of interest in the affairs of India, and generally passed three hours a day in asking me questions regarding the government, the people, and the history of the country He was surprised to find that so

much progress had been made in the way of education and general civilization, and ruminating on the subject, said to me one day, "Do you know that I have now a very exact idea of India? I have bought a map, and reflected much on what you have said, and I cannot help thinking that if the English go on civilizing in this manner, they will one day lose the country." I answered, that such a result was naturally looked to: it was the wish of every friend to India that she should sooner or later be able to govern herself; but I added that I did not think we should ever let her slip through our fingers into the hands of other foreigners. "What then," he said, "you are actually teaching your subjects to rule for themselves! I never heard of any thing so noble—so exalted! Never was policy so far-sighted! O John Bull, John Bull,* you are a wonderful fellow!" He often recurred to the same subject, and always expressed the same admiration of the conduct of the British nation.

* His favourite expression when speaking of England.

Speaking of the advantage the clubbists had gained over him, so as to procure his dismission, he remarked that he had learned one thing by his fall, viz. that in revolutions of states, a man must always attach himself to a particular party in politics, and thus be secure of a certain number of adherents. This was Napoleon's game, and he profited by it.

Observing that none of the Austrian infantry wore epaulettes, I asked the General whether it arose from a regard to the purses of the officers, or a dislike to the fashion on the part of the Emperor? He answered, "All arises from the hatred of change which animates every branch of government. Every thing remains in Austria in the same condition that it was fifty years back—at least every thing military. They dress in the same fashion, discipline in the same way, fortify after the old style, and still retain that abominable piece of mummery, a fugleman, which all other armies have long since agreed upon abolishing." I told him I believed that fuglemen were still employed in the British army. He stared, and said, "I

should have expected that least of all from John Bull, who is the most reasonable of creatures. Why does he continue to countenance an absurdity disgraceful to the age, while in all other things he is a century in advance of the rest of mankind?"

As much stress had been laid, by a portion of the British public, on the supposed fact of the French revolution in 1830 having caused the insurrection in Poland, or rather, that the people of the latter nation had been encouraged to rebellion by those of the former, I made a point of putting the question to Skyrznecki, and this is his reply: "No! our grievances were so great that, whether France had risen in 1830 or not, our revolution would have broken out (*eclatée*) at the same time. It had long been hatching, and the Grand-Duke precipitated the explosion by his brutality. When fairly embarked in the contest with Russia, we certainly asked help of France, on the ground of *common cause*, but *cui bono?* Indeed, we solicited aid from every quarter. From England, because we were merely contending for those liberties

which she happily enjoyed; from Austria, because John Sobieski relieved Vienna when besieged by the Turks, and had established a claim to her gratitude."

I solicited the General for some information as to the condition of the Polish army when the war broke out. He told me that no army in the world was in so high a state of discipline. "Ah!" added he, "Constantine little knew what a rod he was preparing for Russia when he trained his Polish warriors. We owe him gratitude and hatred both. Have you not heard how the soldier overcame the politician when he read of our doings in the field? "Ha!" he exclaimed, "those are *my* men. *I* taught them."

Skyrznecki had been long a soldier, and seemed deeply to have studied the art of war in all its branches. Of his military talents there cannot be a stronger proof than the circumstance of his having been selected from amongst numberless old officers to command the army. He is but forty-five years of age; and, though holding no higher rank then than that

of brigadier, was by the common voice elected generalissimo on Clopicki's resignation. Modesty and humility are two of his principal attributes. "I was overcome," said he, "with surprise and agitation when the sacred trust was reposed in me. But I had sworn to obey my military superiors, and I could not consistently refuse to comply with the desires of my country. Perhaps I have carried the doctrine of obedience too far—too far, at least, for my country's good—but Heaven judges the purity of my motives. When I assembled the troops to inform them of my deposition, they rent the air with their cheers and cries:—"You shall not go—no other shall lead us—we follow but you—you are our greatest friend!" I was deeply affected. None but a soldier knows the value of a soldier's love. I answered them: "You are sworn to obey as well as I. It has ever been my study to inspire you with a proper sense of duty, and it will cheer me in my retirement to think that my instructions have not been thrown away. Imitate your general: he, in resigning his command, respects the

orders of those above him. Do you obey *his* last injunction." I then made a great effort, and called to them aloud: "Follow those whom your country appoints to lead you." After this I retired; but oh! what a struggle I had within me! My oath and the interests of my country were at variance.* An intriguing man might have made grand use of my opportunities, for the army adored me, (forgive the egotism,) and public opinion supported me. But the faction were in power, and I was but a servant. Heaven knows how much I have suffered; but all is right here"—pointing to his heart.

I ventured to ask Skyrznecki how, amidst the many temptations of a military life, he had contrived to discipline his mind so effectually as to render all his actions subservient to religious

* I subsequently met many Poles of distinguished rank at Berlin and at Prague, and found them unanimous in their censure of Skyrznecki for resigning the command. His purity was above their comprehension. On all other points they admitted his transcendent excellence.

influence. "Man," answered he, "is ever in extremes. From libertinism to fanaticism is but a step. I only wonder I escaped the fury of the latter. When a captain of lancers in Napoleon's service, I was severely wounded in the heel, and obliged to keep my couch for eight months. Then stole in upon my mind a sense of my errors. I had read with deep attention the works of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Rousseau, and imbibed with readiness the dangerous philosophy they had brought into fashion. My whole soul was possessed of a daring infidelity. Now was the period of reaction. A friend visited me, and mourning the state of my mind, begged me to peruse the treatise of L'Abbé de la Maurrais, "*Sur l'Indifference en Matière de Religion.*" I did so, and in a short time the sweet and wholesome doctrines of Christianity took the place of the errors of French philosophy."

In delivering his opinion of great men, my illustrious friend invariably abstained from severity of censure, and with the same liberal spirit warmly defended those whom, he thought, had

been traduced by public writers. Speaking of Suwarrow, who has generally been described a savage brute, he said, "Never was soldier so much misrepresented. If we consider the state of Russian civilization while he lived, it is impossible for those who knew him to say otherwise than that he was a brave man, a *humane* man, an excellent soldier, and a man of genius. As far as he was personally concerned, the storming of Ismail was not a more bloody affair than assaults generally prove. The excesses of the soldiery arose from *their* natural ferocity, and the high state of excitement to which they were stimulated by Turkish barbarity."

The mighty genius of Napoleon was often our theme; but Skyrznecki entertained as much contempt for his ambition, as he cherished respect for his talents. He considered Napoleon's fall a great blessing, and a mercy vouchsafed to mankind. "What," exclaimed he, "would have been the consequence if he had succeeded at Moscow? The imperial crown of Russia would have been united to that of France; Turkey would soon have fallen into the same

hands; and every Pole would have been sent to take India from the English. Ah! 'twas a glorious achievement to beat Napoleon at Waterloo. But," added he, after a pause, "you should not have imprisoned him on the *rocher sterile*."—"Why so?" asked I, "what else could have been done?" "True, true," rejoined Skyrznecki; "it is easy enough to censure political measures, but it is not so easy to suggest rational substitutes. Perhaps he ought to have been allowed to go at large; but you were certainly right to shut him out of England—there his spirit of intrigue would have found too much material to work upon."

It was in conversation such as this that my days, and half my nights, during the detention at Linz, were passed. Every hour served but to increase my admiration and affection for this truly great man; and when the passports returned from Vienna to enable me to continue my journey to England, I felt a grief such as a fond

child only experiences when quitting the society of a loved parent. I never can forget the evening we separated. My respectable old fellow-traveller, who had hitherto been a silent spectator, or auditor, of most of our interviews, now broke silence, and begged me, with tears in his eyes, to intimate his wishes for the General's happiness; expressing, at the same time, his gratitude for having been allowed to see him. I did so, as well as my emotions would permit, and Skyrznecki replied in a corresponding strain. "I always venerated your country, but how much more has the evident sympathy of two Englishmen attached me to her! Farewell, and may every blessing attend you!" For myself, I could say nothing—not a word. My utterance was choked. Skyrznecki pressed me to his bosom, and in a faultering tone said, "Mon cher *fils!*" These words were enough —I heard no more.

The next morning we were whirling along the road to Prague, but the scenery, though beautiful, until you enter Bohemia, had no charms for me. My heart was in Linz. By

the way, that Linz is an agreeable little town, and for situation will match with the prettiest spots on the banks of the Rhine. The women, too, are pretty, and they are cleanly and industrious. The men are, like most of their countrymen, amateurs of indulgence, addicted to cigars and civility, sour-kraut and sentiment. The genteel people—the aristocracy of Linz—bear but a small proportion to the rest; for excepting the officers of the garrison, a few merchants and bankers, civil employés and *rentiers*, the whole population consists of artisans and weavers. Five thousand persons are employed at the imperial-royal manufactory of carpeting, cloth and fleecy hosiery, an establishment which formerly gave occupation and bread to double the number; but as the whole concern is the property of government and under its particular superintendence, it naturally enough declines in prosperity. The manufactures, especially the carpets, are principally consumed in Vienna, Milan, Hungary, and Bohemia. They are very beautiful, and might be very cheap if the Austrians could be induced to mi-

tigate their hatred of innovation, and suffer the introduction of simple machinery in place of the complicated looms now in use.

Notwithstanding the vexatious taxation of the necessaries of life, which affects Linz in common with most other towns in Austria, the market is very well stocked, and I know not a more cleanly and interesting exhibition than the exposé of milk, butter, fruit, vegetables, pork meat, &c. in the Platz every morning. The peasantry are neatness itself, and the servant maids are as spruce as muslin and gilded tissue caps, imitation Indian shawls, and white stockings, can make them.

During my stay at Linz I was invited to visit the fortifications, which are in course of construction under the auspices of the Archduke Charles. They consist of a citadel and divers towers and ramparts, which, being erected on an eminence, west of the town, will command the approaches, and furnish the means of annoyance should an enemy ever again succeed in investing Linz. I was accompanied in my visit by Skyrznecki. To my unpractised

perception the fortifications appeared to be arranged on excellent principles, but there was one grand objection to their site which did not escape the eagle eye of my illustrious friend. The hill on which they were to stand was *overlooked* by another hill, where, of course, a judicious assailant would first plant his cannon.

CHAPTER IV.

Prague—Journey to Berlin.

PRAGUE is a kind of *religious* frontier town. It appears to divide Catholic from Protestant Germany, and, aptly enough, presents in its edifices a formidable barrier to the encroachments of Lutheranism. It would seem as if all the worshippers of saints had concentrated their powers in this one spot; it looks like the last strong-hold—the grand and effectual *dernier ressort* of Romish bigotry; for while it presents a curious *mélange* of religious and military display, it marks to the traveller proceeding north-

ward the boundary of Austro-Papal influence. The steeple and the rampart, the statue and the sentry box, the *caserne* and the crucifix, the priest and the warrior, are the alternate features of this interesting town.

I am vexed that so many persons have had the start of me in describing Prague. I could spend a chapter on its charms. It is not that it is a gay town, or a picturesque, or a wealthy, or a magnificent town, but every inch of its ground is hallowed by historical associations. Of holy and unholy wars, of Wallenstein and Wickliffe, of Frederick and fanaticism, it speaks in a language the most striking; "the very stones prate of their whereabouts."

Of course I visited every public building and establishment. The cathedral is a noble structure, and is worth a thousand descriptions. The beautiful porphyry with which Bohemia abounds has been judiciously employed in this edifice, and wealth has therein offered large sacrifices to superstition. The walls, the stately columns, the altars, are studded with repertories of deceased saints, the mouldering relics of

several of whom are invested with coverings of satin and of gold. St. Juan reposes in a tomb of silver, in the form of a sarcophagus, supported by cherubim of the same costly material, and surmounted by a lofty canopy of crimson silk, decorated with solid gold ornaments at the cornices. Around the tomb is a railing resting on a handsome porphyry base. It is pretended that the tongue—the *lingua mortua* of St. Juan—is preserved in a wonderful state of freshness to this day, and, *for a consideration*, may be inspected by the curious in human carrion. Lutheran malice avers that there is trickery in the supposed miracle, and it is even hinted that the nearest butcher can unfold some curious tales regarding the supply of calves' tongues to *Monsieur le Curé*. I must confess that the now silent member looked to me as if it only needed boiling, and the garniture of brains, to cut a very respectable figure in a second course.

Between the pillars at the south end of the cathedral are several large wooden compartments ingeniously carved to represent sacred and familiar subjects. The best of these is a

sculptured representation of the old and new town of Prague, with the famous connecting bridge and the shallow Moldau serving as a trench. It is the work of a criminal who obtained his freedom as the price of his ingenuity.

The imperial palace of Prague, situated on the summit of a hill on the skirts of the new town, is a vast and magnificent residence. It is said to contain nine hundred apartments and upwards, not including closets and out offices. In one of the halls the kings of Bohemia were formerly wont to be crowned. The emperor of Austria, as king, was the last who went through the ceremony: it seems doubtful if his eldest son is fated to wear the Bohemian diadem.

Next to the palace is the residence of Prince Schwartzenberg—a family mansion; part of it is of considerable antiquity, the remainder being a modern grafting. Opposite this building is the palace of Count Steinberg, who has an extensive gallery of pictures, a museum, and a library of curious literature. The whole collection is said to be as yet in its infancy; but the

Bohemian nobles and gentry are industrious in adding to the stock, and cherish it, though private property, as the corner-stone of political independence. Are they wrong in their idea? Is it too much to aver that a nation has chosen the right method to found a separate existence in cultivating an exclusive literature and language, in patronising an independent and peculiar minstrelsy, and in collecting specimens, and studying the properties, of its animal, vegetable, mineralogical and geological productions? This may possibly appear at a superficial glance a strange series of proceedings, in view to so grand an object, yet, I doubt if the philosophical and reflecting mind will hastily reject the testimony thus furnished of the desire of the Bohemian to restore his native land to its original condition. Of the prudence and policy of the measure, there may be just question. There are perhaps already too many little states in Germany.

The cholera morbus prevailed in Prague during my stay, though its pristine rage had materially abated. It was rare that I went out

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without witnessing the *melancholy* spectacle of a *civilian's* funeral, or the *merry* obsequies of a *grenadier*. A British military "funeral party" marches with muffled drums and a slow step *to* the grave, and struts *from* it in quick time, to the inspiring music of "St. Patrick's day in the morning." The Austrian soldier observes no such nice distinctions; he plays over his comrade a merry dirge in the shape of a popular waltz, and when he marches away, leaving the warrior "alone in his glory," he may change his tune, but he never varies his measure.

Quitting Prague, it was the intention of my fellow traveller and myself to go to Dresden and Leipsic before we proceeded to Berlin. We reached Reichenberg without interruption, adventure, or entertainment, and there learnt that it was requisite to serve ten days' quarantine on the Saxon frontier in the first instance. This determined us to alter our route again, and get into Prussia at once from the north of Bohemia. The way thither was not very tempting, for German governments do not trouble themselves to make more roads in the immediate neighbour-

hood of other territories than will suffice to keep up a tolerable communication by post. Seven miles on each side of a frontier appears to be neutral ground. We had, therefore, before us about fifteen German miles of sand and bog, wicker carriages without springs, little or no accommodation on the road, and the chance of falling into the hands of a famous robber, who was pillaging, burning, and devouring throughout the country. But it was a choice of difficulties, and this seemed the least. Time spent in quarantines is so much deducted from the term of one's natural life.

At Reichenberg we fell in with a respectable old Hamburg Jew, who had often travelled the road we were going, and who offered to accompany us to Berlin, with the triple motive of diminishing his own expenses, of having company on the journey, and of *protecting us from imposition on the road!* This latter motive, however, singular as it at first appeared, opened to me a new view of the Jewish character, which I afterwards found did not exclusively attach to our new companion. Afflicted as this race

of people unquestionably is with the *auri sacra fames*, it does not appear that their affection for "filthy lucre" arises entirely from selfishness. They esteem gold as a thing entitled to man's respect generally, without reference to particular ownership, and view the lavish use of this precious metal in others with the same vexation that a bibliomanist notices the ignoble purposes to which trunk-makers and cheesemongers apply valuable volumes of black letter. It was this feeling that prompted our new *compagnon de voyage* to undertake to be our man of business on the road, and only to disburse *grosschen* where we should have distributed *tallers*. It was this, too, that induced a young Hebrew physician to walk with me many a cold night, from his lodgings at one end of Berlin to my hotel at the other, that I might not unnecessarily spend money in the hire of *droshkas*. I could enumerate several other examples of similar disinterestedness, but these will suffice.

Nor are the Jews singular in this strange affection for money. The Armenians, the Greeks, the Hindoos, all members of disorga-

nized societies, who, deprived of political power, seek a new influence in wealth, are not only cautiously, if not parsimoniously economical of their own expenditure, but feverishly anxious about extravagance in others.

In a few hours after leaving Reichenberg we got to Eiberstorff, on the north side of a little bar, across a narrow lane, which marked the boundary of the Prussian dominions. We entered a small house, outside of which hung a rude sign of the Prussian eagle, and were preparing to regale on raw ham, insipid cheese, bitter brown bread, and "*weissen bier*," alias swipes, when the descendant of Abraham came into the room where we were seated, and in a most lugubrious tone exclaimed, "Oh, py Cot, my dear, ve are ruined! Dere is *contre-marche** here of five days." "Yes, gentlemen," said a handsome young commissary of police, "you must recross *the frontier*, and bide your time. There was no help for it; we walked from Prussia back to Bohemia, a distance of five yards and a half, and were received into a spa-

* Quarantine.

cious gasthof, or public house, kept by a decent young man with a very pretty wife. Here we were indulged with the music of Bohemian minstrels, and here too we were visited by the Prussian commissary, who not having the fear of pestilential fomites before his eyes, condescended to drink a bottle of Hungarian wine at our expense. While thus engaged, this gentleman exhibited to our wondering and delighted eyes, an error in the date of our passports, by which *it appeared* that we had left Prague four days earlier than we imagined; and as the quarantine here always dated from the period of quitting any cholera-struck city, it was clear we had only one day's detention to endure. The whole matter was most satisfactorily demonstrated, and we therefore returned into Prussia the following morning, meeting with no adventure in our journey from Eibersdorff to Frankfort on the Oder, excepting a *bouleversement* over the edge of a precipice seven feet deep, which smashed our wicker vehicle, lamed a horse irrecoverably, and inflicted sundry bruises and contusions on the travellers.

CHAPTER V.

Berlin—Hotel St. Petersburg—Boots—Military atmosphere—Characteristics of Berlin—The King—The Arsenal—The Museum—The Cabinet of Curiosities—The Parades—The Opera and Theatres—The Asylums—Leave Berlin—Magdebourg—Brunswick—Hanover.

It was on a fine frosty night, late in January, that our *wagen* rattled out of a noble avenue into a capacious street which I took for the commencement of the suburbs of Berlin, for as yet we had passed no *thor*, or entrance gate. Our drive through paved and gas-lighted streets continued for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which we came to a full stop. I drew out my passport and waited for the demand which generally proceeded from the serjeants of the

barrier guards in Austria, Russia, and Bohemia, when suddenly the post-boy appeared at the door and announced that we had reached our destination, the Hotel *Goldenen Adler*, (Golden Eagle.) What! enter the Prussian capital without showing a passport or submitting our baggage to the inspection of the *douairiers?* Away went one long-cherished prejudice against Prussian espionage and police dominion. We are getting into a freer atmosphere, thought I, and for the moment I forgot that I was within the pale of a military despotism.

The domicile chosen for us by our Hebrew associate was dark, cold, dirty, and dear. The landlord loved his ease, the *kellner* * loved the *madchen*,† and the maid loved filth.

I departed on the second day, exchanging the patronage of the Golden Eagle for the comforts of the Hotel *St. Petersburg.* The title was somewhat unmusical while Poland's sufferings yet rang in my ears; but I had already experienced that "all is not gold that glitters,"

* Waiter. † Maiden.

and by parity of reasoning, surmised that all was not Russian that sounded so. Mr. Heudtlass, the landlord, turned up a trump; he had been *cuisinier de la bouche du roi*, prior to his installation as caterer general in the *Unter den Linden*,* and was as civil, attentive, and moderate in his charges as any rational Englishman could desire. The waiters, like all waiters in Germany, were independent, yet courteous—"*suaviter in modo, et fortiter in re*;"—and Boots, who combined with his ordinary avocations, that of fire-lighter in the guest's chambers, told me the news and taught me German.

A German Boots is decidedly a different being to his namesake in England, though some travellers have pretended to trace a resemblance between the two. That they are both shining characters no one can deny; but our own boots is unquestionably a man of a much *higher* polish; for while *he* distributes Warren's jet from the heel to the calf, the Deutschlander

* "Beneath the trees,"—the name of the chief street in Berlin.

contents himself with giving brilliancy to the instep, the toe, and parts thereunto adjacent, leaving the rest of the leg as undefinable in complexion as a cobbler's apron. But perhaps this penury of blacking is not so directly chargeable to Boots as to the *petit-maîtres* of Germany, who set the example of so large an economy in matters of dress, that there is scarcely one who, 'not to speak it profanely,' would not be called in England a dirty fellow. Shirts, stockings, &c. are considered by a large majority of Berlin and Vienna dandies, superfluous appendages to a wardrobe; and a washer-woman's bill exceeding three inches in length, a mark of extravagance utterly unpardonable in a well-regulated establishment.

I had not resided in Berlin three days before I took offence at three characteristics of the town. The first of these was the all-pervading military aspect—every thing smells of the *moustache;* the second was the constant presence in the streets of some prince of the blood royal or leader of hosts, making a perpetual demand on

the rim of your hat and the pliancy of your spine; and the third, the gossiping propensities of the inhabitants. The latter evil is rather a singular feature in a large town. The extent of Berlin entitles it to a distinguished place amongst the capitals of the earth, yet the disproportionate amount of its population, added to the idleness which prevails, invest it with all the characteristics of a small village. Each individual is there a public character; his pursuits, his means, his disposition, nay, his very wardrobe, are frequent topics of conversation amongst his neighbours; his indiscretions are marked—"set in a note-book;"—his better deeds become a "fame" for modest worth to blush at.

The military complexion of Berlin, though rather annoying to an Englishman, is not to be wondered at. "*Un homme,*" reciteth De Stael, "*a crée cette empire (La Prusse) que la nature n'avoit point favorisé, et qui n'est devenu une puissance que parcequ'un guerrier en a été le maitre.*" I am not certain that the permanence of her power is to be secured by similar great spirits; yet it would perhaps be difficult

to show that under the present form of government, and with the present political relations, Prussia could exist without a large standing army, and a constant attention to its discipline. But the foppery of requiring every military man to appear constantly in regimentals might certainly be dispensed with, and would, in its abolition, be followed by few expressions of grief from the majority of the army. There is, however, but small chance of such a measure during the lifetime of the present monarch. His majesty loves to be in harness, and never invests his royal person with a suit of solemn black, excepting when public subscription balls are given, when all visitors of high or low degree appear *en bourgeois*.

An amusing anecdote is related of the king's rigid adherence to the niceties of costume in his own person. An artist had been employed to take his majesty's likeness, and had succeeded wonderfully well in catching the lack-lustre expression of the Prussian sovereign. Unaccustomed, however, to a religious observance of the *propreté* of warlike habiliments, the simple

painter had merely sought to produce a good representation of the king's person, and filled up the kit-cat with *open* (unbuttoned) coat and epaulettes, waistcoat, black stock, &c. The picture, when completed, was laid before the king, and the by-standers were eager to express their admiration of the talent the artist had displayed. Frederic III. contemplated the picture for some time with a grave air, and at length, pointing to the *waistcoat*, exclaimed,—"*Pas bon*, (his majesty uses very brief expressions; his tongue is under as severe a discipline as his dress;) *pas bon; mauvaise exemple pour les militaires*," and the portrait was condemned!

I visited the arsenal—the pride of the garrison—one morning, and was on the whole tolerably well pleased. There is here a fine collection of fire-arms, piled in the form of an enormous pyramid in the centre of the great hall on the upper floor, while the compartments of wall between the windows are decorated with small arms, ancient armour, and French banners. The first thing which must strike the

most superficial observer on beholding these latter trophies, is their freshness and excellent state of repair. They present none of those traces of the struggle on the bloody field which distinguish the foreign standards suspended in the repositories of British prizes, but look as if they had been made to order, and neatly ironed out before exhibition. My valet said they were all taken *at* (query *from?*) Paris in 1815; at any rate they now merely illustrate Prussian military vanity at the expense of the prowess of their enemies.

In the four corners of the great *salle d'armes* are some good suits of ancient armour enveloping wooden figures of chivalrous knights. The only objection to these specimens is the modern painting, polish, and repair they have undergone, to fit them for the dainty company of shining musket-barrels, and bran new satin banners. There is also in this place a beautiful collection of arquebuses, halberds, slings, cross-bows, and other implements of war used in the middle ages; a remarkably fine bronze statue of Blücher, some capital models of the field ar-

tillery of all nations, and, *finis coronat opus*, the key of Adrianople sent by the Emperor of Russia to his well-beloved father-in-law, in evidence of Russian valour and Turkish manufacture.

The new Museum of Berlin, erected within the last three years, is a noble edifice, and a great ornament to the town. It stands opposite the old palace, and materially heightens the splendid *coup d'œil* presented from the corner of the *Unter den Linden*—a sight which has no parallel in other cities; but which, while it attests the exquisite taste of the reigning sovereign, furnishes, by contrast, striking testimony to the general poverty of Berlin. The old and new palaces, the Lutheran cathedral, the opera house, university, arsenal, and museum, each an architectural *chef d'œuvre* in itself, are grouped about a vast area, at the head of a noble avenue of trees and row of lofty houses, terminated by a gate resembling a triumphal arch, and surmounted by a splendidly sculptured representation of Peace, in a car drawn by four horses. All these, which the eye may take

in at a single glance, have a brilliant and imposing effect, and strongly prepossess a visitor, for the first time, in favour of Prussian *gusto*.

The museum is richly stored. The apartments devoted to preserved specimens of zoological subjects are literally crowded; and this is the more surprising, inasmuch as the Prussians are not a maritime people, and therefore derive little from the bounty and enterprise of navigators. I believe that such articles as have not immediately proceeded from the ingenious and industrious Humboldt, have been purchased at the government expense. Two galleries in the museum are appropriated to antique sculpture, of which there is a fine collection; while the remaining suite, beautiful, extensive, and admirably lighted, is filled with paintings of the different schools. A large majority of these illustrate the sufferings of our Saviour, and perpetuate, in various forms, the Madonna and the saints; a singularity in the collection of a Protestant prince which must forcibly strike every stranger. The object and

cause, however, are not to be mistaken. The Italian masters, we all know, were Roman Catholics, and devoted their greatest exertions to typify with exactitude the most interesting incidents in the gospel. Seeking the choicest efforts of their pencil, the Prussian collector has naturally enough fallen on a vast proportion of religious subjects; and it must be owned that if the monotony of the exhibition be wearisome, the pictures respectively present traces and indications of talent rarely congregated in a single northern capital.

The specimens of the German school, on the other hand, are, for the most part, faulty in execution, and repulsive in design. The Creation and the Infernal Regions are the favourite subjects; and to illustrate these, all that is extravagant and monstrous in German composition is called into full play. The Deity, employed in the "Creation of Man," is represented by a bald-headed Greek, or Catholic priest, who stands under a tree, moulding into form a mass of flesh; while the "Creation of Woman" exhibits the same offensive figure pulling out of

the side of a sleeping Adam a full-grown lusty Eve. The descent into Avernus affords an opportunity to the artist for collecting in a small compass all the *diableries* and monstrosities his genius can supply; and if it does not positively disgust the spectator, it is because the suffering souls are depicted under so many exquisitely ridiculous forms.

The museum is open to the public *gratis* twice in the week, and on other days foreigners and chance visitors at the capital only are admitted.

The custom of allowing free access to all these institutions is general in Germany, and is of material utility in advancing the mental improvement of the people. We have been more close and reserved with respect to our public establishments hitherto, and the general excuse has been the unfitness of the lower order of the English to be admitted to indulgences which only foreigners are rational enough to appreciate. The softness and propriety of manner by which these latter are distinguished, gives them, it is said, a title to confidence:—the

organ of destructiveness is too prominent in English crania. I readily grant that there is a strange propensity to mischief amongst our rabble; but is it not likely that frequent opportunities of visiting picture galleries and museums would tend to humanize, while it instructed them? The influence of the fine arts on national character is a favourite theme with public writers, and it has been successfully established that an excess of indulgence in their *attraits* has even a tendency to render men effeminate. I do not dispute the fact—it favours my particular view of the question; yet I cannot but think that, as the government of a country is materially instrumental in the formation of the character of the people, and our free institutions incline us to a little *brusquerie*, it would be difficult to show that the occasional contemplation of the labours of the sculptor and the painter would produce in the British artisan, or holiday journeyman, any other than a wholesome emollient effect.

After the arsenal and museum, the cabinet of curiosities in the old palace challenges your

attention. Here I recognized many old familiar friends, for the king had purchased the whole of Bullock's Mexican, Indian, and Chinese rarities, and with them stocked part of an attic of the ancient Schlosse. Other apartments contain beautiful cork models, and carvings in ivory and tortoise-shell; and one little chamber—the *sanctum sanctorum*, the *summum bonum*, the "be all, and the end all"—is dedicated to the "whereabouts" of German electors and Prussian sovereigns.—Casques that the stoutest modern *athletæ* could not lift, breast-plates that would bear down a horse, swords that a Goliath alone could wield—bear evidence of the ponderous strength of divers Brandenburg electors. Wax figures, admirably executed, introduce the visitor to various deceased branches of the royal family; amongst whom, in all the pomp of a little three-cornered hat, high boots, long cane, ruffles, frill, regulation cut-and-thrust,* and

* The very sword his majesty was wont to wear. The scabbard has been torn, and mended with a piece of red sealing-wax, said to have been done by himself. The action was certainly characteristic.

dirty old blue coat, sits in effigy Frederic the Great! It is said to resemble him greatly. It *must* resemble him; there is in the *tout ensemble* an air of genius, pragmaticism, decision, severity and drollery, that never were found so remarkably united in any other man of modern times. The artist has admirably managed the face, and has thrown so startling an expression into the eye that, but for a conviction of the lifelessness of the subject, few soldiers could steadily encounter the gaze of the little martinet.

In this receptacle of curiosities, amongst other military *memorabilia*, the visitor will find the hat, *the identical* hat, of *le petit caporal*, Napoleon. It surmounts a glass case containing all the orders, crosses, &c. worn by the emperor, and is associated with various other reliques captured with the carriage which formerly drew crowds to the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It is difficult to understand this fondness of the Prussians for the display of French trophies. If they are collected and exposed to lead the world to imagine that they were fairly captured,

it is a piece of downright imposition, insulting to the understandings of every body who has read any thing of modern military history. If they are exhibited in mockery of French defeat, as a retaliation of Napoleon's shameful and inexcusable conduct to the late excellent Queen of Prussia, the motive is pitiful and unworthy a brave people. A noble vengeance creates admiration; a paltry retribution excites contempt and disgust, and too often produces a reaction in men's minds in favour of the original offender. I am inclined to hope that the true end of the government in accumulating these warlike reminiscences is to keep alive the military taste which reigns in Prussia, and to hold out inducements to the future soldier to leave similar legacies to posterity.

I had the pleasure to see two or three military parades during my stay in Berlin, and must have been fastidious indeed if the spectacle were not in the highest degree gratifying. I do not think the cuirassiers cut so respectable a figure as our life guards, for neither men nor horses reach to our standard, nor are their appoint-

ments of so good a quality. But the foot-guards atone for this inferiority. Five thousand men, all under thirty years of age, in suits of regimentals that would do honour to Stultz—not hanging about them as if they had but just left the contractor's warehouse, and been thrown on to the wearers with a pitchfork—is a sight that one may look for in vain in England. The yagers, or riflemen, are a thick-set, heavy-looking body of men, and greatly behind our light infantry. In fact, this description of force appears to be exclusively British property; for, as far as I have seen, neither the Tyrolean yagers of Austria, the chasseurs of the French, nor the riflemen of Hanover, have the active, sprightly appearance which distinguishes the corresponding branch of our army.

The greater part of the male members of the royal family attended the parades in uniform, and, with their staff, essentially heightened the *coup d'œil.* The Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, the Crown Prince, Princes Carl, Albrecht, Wilhelm, and Auguste, (sons and

nephews of the king,) all hold exalted military rank, and thus form another powerful inducement to the better orders of Prussians to seek appointments in the army. These princes are generally esteemed throughout Prussia, with the exception perhaps of the heir apparent, from whose character people augur unfavourably for the future. I have conversed with several superior men about the court on this topic, and from them—the best judges of the personal qualities of potentates—I invariably heard a different story. He is a man, would they say, who is greatly misunderstood. Unquestionably he is possessed of certain high notions, but the general tendency of his sentiments is favourable to the liberty and happiness of those he may one day be called on to govern. And these men "about court" were not *employés*—creatures of the prince, sycophants—but straightforward foreign diplomatists and Polish refugees of distinction, to whose various interests a right understanding of the character of the sovereign in expectancy is a matter of no little moment.

No king can be more universally loved than Frederick III. He has violated his promises to give his people a constitution, or rather he has delayed the redemption of a pledge to a period that justifies an apprehension of insincerity: he fetters the press, arrests the suspected, and checks the "march of intellect"—still, his northern subjects are tranquil and composed, and anxious for his happiness and his glory. Night after night the sovereign may be seen in a private box at the Opera or the Schauspielhaus, and yet no sooner does the act-drop fall than all eyes are affectionately turned to the royal seat, and expressions of kindness and loyalty buz through the house. During the performance a similar attention is paid. If a piquant jest elicits roars of merriment the eye is immediately directed towards the box, and "See, the king laughs!" is in every mouth. If a favourite dancer accomplishes a superior pirouette,* a twirl, or an *entrechat;* or if a

* The king is very partial to the ballet, and is said to be a great admirer of the proportions of figurants. *Le roi des pirouettes* is by no means an unusual title for the

famous tragedian imparts due effect to a striking passage, "See, the king applauds!" is the sympathising cry. "We want reform, it is true," murmur the *bel esprits* of Berlin; "but we will wait until it is tendered by our government. We will not disturb our sovereign's peace." In fact, the people are never tired of seeing and of praising Frederick III.; and when we consider that the Germans combine with their softness, lassitude, and amiability of character, strong powers of reflection, it must be allowed that their homage is no inconsiderable testimony to his majesty's personal merit.

I have alluded to the king's fondness for stage representations. This is part of the German character. A brief and temperate meal at two, or four o'clock; a stroll or a ride, and the theatre, make up the incessant afternoon employ. Go when you will to witness a respectable representation, even if it be for the twentieth night, yet will you meet the same people, and see them equally delighted with him or her who

father of his people, when it may be applied out of general ear-shot.

visits the theatre for the first time. This might, and assuredly does, augur an indolence and frivolity of temperament; but if it be excusable any where it is in Germany. I have already spoken of the operas at Vienna. Berlin does not boast such singers as that lively city, but the orchestra, consisting of eighty musicians, is certainly superior. Spontini is director here, though he does not often preside. Jealousy, perhaps, of the German composers, conjoined with the superciliousness of office, keep him away from his post, excepting when *Fernand Cortez* or *La Vestale* form the evening's amusement. By the way, the last-named opera, which our critics abuse as a noisy composition, is deemed by German connoisseurs a *chef d'œuvre*, and invariably attracts overflowing audiences. True, we know nothing of music, and it was not until Mr. Monck Mason had the courage to import the German company, that it was supposed possible to render *Der Freischutz* attractive after it had been worn to rags by all our professors of harmony, from the gentleman at Drury Lane, who waves the bâton high above

the heads of fiddlers, to the Italian youth who persecutes the inhabitants of Mary-le-bone with a whistle and a hand-organ.

The Berlin ballet is the *ne plus ultra*—the perfection of spectacle and graceful action. When united with an opera—when one hundred and fifty handsome men and well-formed women dance to the chorus of one hundred and fifty more—the thing is quite overpowering. Masaniello, "*Die Stumme von Portici*," as it is there called, was often played during my residence in Berlin; and it is no piece of extravagance to affirm, that for surprising effect it surpassed every thing of the kind ever attempted even in Paris, where Terpsichore, with her dramatic appendages, has long enjoyed absolute dominion.

In the departments of tragedy and comedy the Germans appear to be less wealthy than I imagined. Save the productions of Schiller, Kotzebue, Lessing, and Göethe, which, from the circumstance of their being as familiar to the people as household goods, are rarely performed, I saw but little that was really original. Trans-

lations from our Sheridan, Morton, and Shakspeare, constitute a manager's stock in trade in those, the higher branches of the drama; and it must be owned that the wonderful power displayed in the German versions almost identifies the works with the ingenious productions of the country. The "School for Scandal," the "Cure for the Heart Ache," (under the title of "*The Taylor and his Son,*") "Othello," "Hamlet," "Richard the Third," "King Lear," the "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and "Henry the Fourth," have been admirably rendered. Imagine the powers of the man who can translate, without injury, the quaint phraseology of the Fat Knight!* Imagine the richness of a language than can supply a version of the quips and quiddities of that strange creation of the most fertile of fancies! The successful adoption of "Macbeth" is the less surprising, in that the wild vagaries of our poet, which make up the witches' dialogue, are so ad-

* I have been told by Englishmen, familiar with the German language and passionately fond of the drama, that not a sentence has been lost or badly rendered.

mirably suited to the German genius, which delights in things unearthly, supernatural, vague, and mysterious. But even here there are striking instances of the copiousness of the language, for not only is all that is strange, whimsical, and obscure, faithfully translated without the aid of transpositions and alterations of measure, but the very discord of the author becomes in version the purest harmony. This will seem a bold assertion, demanding something in the shape of support. I will elucidate my meaning by a quotation.

At the opening of Shakspeare's "Macbeth," the witches hold the following colloquy:

"*First Witch.* When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hurley burly's done—
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere set of sun!
First Witch. Where the place?
Second Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth."

As the object of the poet was to produce a rhyming dialogue, there is clearly a deficiency

of feet in the last line, which, one of our adapters, or commentators, has supplied by an interpolation. In the acting copy of "Macbeth" the passages run thus:

"*First Witch.* Where the place?
Second Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with—
First Witch. Whom?
Third Witch. Macbeth."

Here the verse runs smoothly, but at the expence of altering the original. Voss, the German translator, or rather one of the German translators, gives it thus:

Erste Hexe. Wan rufen wir Drei uns weider den Gruss,
In Donner, Bliz und Regenguss?
Zweite Hexe. Wan des Schlachtens wirwar ruht—
Wann der Seiger steht im Blut.
Dritte Hexe. Eh der abend sinlt, wird's gut.
Erste Hexe. Wo der ort?
Zweite Hexe. Die heide dort.
Dritte Hexe. Treffen auch den Macbeth dort.

The improvement in the versification will here be obvious to the most tasteless and unre-

fined ear. Schiller, who has rather imitated than translated, Shakspeare's "Macbeth," gets rid of the difficulty our author experienced, by altering the whole passage.

I have spoken of the poverty of the Germans in original tragedy and comedy, judging from the number of the representations given in those branches of the drama during a four months' stay in their capitals. Drawing an inference from the same premises, (for my acquaintance with German literature is too slight to permit me to reason from any other,) it appears that they are rich in an inverse ratio in the departments of melo-drama, burlesque, and musical farce. The latter is of course but a ramification of the talent so fertile in the production of operas; the former are genuine German offspring, and though very generally adopted by foreign dramatists, are offensive to good taste from their *outré*, supernatural, and horrifying properties—their continual association of the name of the Deity with ultra-pathos and heroic sentiment—their incessant appeals to heaven in

the form of prayer.* It may be said that these last peculiarities are properly the faults of the dramatic authors, and are no test of the taste and feelings of the German public. This might be true of the works of those mighty geniuses whose dominion over the reading world enabled them to give an impulse and a tone to dramatic writing, or rather entitled them to loosen the rein of their fancies with impunity; but the same cannot be said of the minor modern scribblers—the poetasters, farce writers, and pantomime manufacturers; their business is to catch "the Cynthia of the minute," to "hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature,"—to borrow taste and not to form it. Hence, the toleration of profaneness and extravagance is an offence directly chargeable to the German public; it is an evidence of *their* character, *their* vitiated appetite, to which the author is perhaps an unwilling

* This last offence is likewise very common on the French stage. In "Fra Diavolo," "Masaniello," and "Zampa," we have hymns in concert. Spontini indulges in a similar clap-trap, and introduces as a finale to his Fernand Cortez a huge silver cross, before which Peruvians and Spaniards bend the knee.

caterer, moved by the melancholy truism that those

"Who live to please, *must* please to live."

If the German theatre be a delightful place of recreation on account of the excellence of the stage representations and decorum of the audience, how essentially is the gratification heightened by the arrangemeuts in the area for the comfort and convenience of visitors! No rushing and squeezing for a seat in the pit—no bawlings of orangewomen—no slamming of doors—no heartless sounds of laughter from the wretched Cyprian, offensive to modest spectators and subversive of the interest of the scene. It is idle to talk to men with empty purses and assailed by pressing calls; otherwise it might be suggested to our London managers that they would derive much ultimate advantage from an adoption of many of the German regulations. I suppose the recommendation has been offered a hundred times over, and the indifference with which it has been met, is an earnest of the neglect that would attend all future hints.

The institutions for the relief of the poor, the aged, and the diseased, at Vienna, are on an extremely liberal scale, (considering that they entirely depend upon the government,) and provide for so many of the infirmities of human life, that such a thing as a beggar, or a pauper cripple is never seen in the public streets. At Berlin these matters are not so well ordered either in point of extent or general comfort. I visited the greater part of them, but found little to admire excepting in the institutions for the blind, and for the deaf and dumb. The directors of these establishments have each had the advantage of being in England, and severally assured me that their respective systems were better adapted to the objects in view than those of our own country. This assertion I could neither contradict nor assent to, though it was borne out, as far as the school for the blind was concerned, by the testimony of Dr. Howe, an American physician, I had the pleasure of meeting there, and who subsequently suffered some persecution at the hands of the Prussian government. I can only say, without

any reference to degrees of excellence, that I have heard the dumb speak, and seen the blind write, and have witnessed efforts of memory and victories over natural impediments at once astonishing and affecting; in a word, I have seen numbers of the youth of both sexes snatched from perdition, and rendered by the philanthropic toil of their fellow creatures good Christians and useful members of society.

On the night of the 5th of March I quitted Berlin in a lumbering eil-wagen, supped at Potsdam, and reached the venerable town of Magdeburg in the middle of the next day. The people of Magdeburg pique themselves on their females, their fortifications, and their freedom.

Of the first I saw not enough to be able to determine their claim to superiority over the rest of the broad-mouthed, splay-footed, and white-haired Prussians: the second are unquestionably first-rate, and would effectually baffle an enemy from without: the third is a German anomaly, and exists contemporaneously with a shackled press and a secret police; that

is, people may (and I have heard them) drink *Vive la liberté! Vivent les constitutions!* in a coffee-room, papered with a representation of the French revolution in 1830, and the next morning be waited upon with a "notice to quit," or removed to less comfortable quarters than their own.

Magdeburg possesses a fine old church in the Gothic style, built about four hundred years ago, and called "The Dome." This, however, is comparatively a modern edifice, for there are still remnants of a tabernacle eight hundred years old, on the site of which the present church has been erected. It contains nothing remarkable beyond a few monuments, and a pulpit of sculptured alabaster, a font and an altar composed of solid masses of porphyry.

There are no manufacturers at Magdeburg, excepting in the article of chicoree, or succory. It derives its chief wealth from the circumstance of its being a great market or emporium for grain and grass, and from its containing a garrison of four thousand men. The theatre is a vile hole, and the *spielers* beneath mediocrity. I survived

the first act of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," in which a squab Rosina remorselessly murdered "*Una voce poca fa*," and a Figaro, six feet high by four broad, blundered through the "*Largo al factotum*," embellishing it with occasional bobs, whistles, and hilarious shrieks, such as are wont to accompany an Irishman's leap and shilelagh flourish in a Donnybrook jig.

As I was anxious to get to Hanover, I could only afford a brief stroll through Brunswick, and a few visits to the haunts of the politicians. The people here are great reformers. In every conditorei and café-haus the talk was of radical change and *the* revolution; of the English Reform Bill and the Polish refugees. My guide showed me exultingly the ruins of the ex-duke's palace, and remarked that it was a monument of public spirit which could not but be viewed by strangers with ten-fold the interest inspired by *ordinary* lions. The present duke, Wilhelm, though not universally beloved, is, on the whole, tolerably well thought of; and the people seem disposed to let the desired

changes emanate from him, rather than to precipitate events by new commotions. "*C'est un assez bon diable,*" would they say, "*mais il faut avoir des changemens, et le duc fera mieux d'arranger ces affaires avant que nous l'obligerons.*" I had the pleasure to meet his serene highness, some time afterwards, at a party at the Duke of Cambridge's, and again at the house of Baron Wangenheim, the grand marshal of Hanover; and as his serene highness was anxious to know what his radical subjects said of him, I made bold to repeat the current phrase quoted above. Princes do not always like to hear the truth, which perhaps is the reason why it is so seldom told them. Lemuel Gulliver, in extinguishing the burning palace of the Lilliputian sovereign, offended while he served; and many a man's fortune has been spoiled ere now by too much familiarity with his superiors.* As I, however, had had but little

* An anecdote was related to me, when at Berlin, of the good humour with which Frederic the Great was wont to bear the corrections of those about him. His majesty was no scholar, yet he delighted in wise saws

schooling in the art of addressing the mighty of the earth, and felt that in the present instance I was merely reporting the sentiments of others,—not giving utterance to any opinions of my own,—I ventured to deviate from ordinary court phraseology; and it is no trifling mark of the generosity of the duke's character that, so far from being offended at my freedom, he invited me to Brunswick; "where," said he, "I will give you an opportunity of learning the sentiments of the upper classes also."

Wilhelm, reigning Duke of Brunswick, is a remarkably fine young man, of about twenty-

and classical scraps; the latter of which he sometimes quoted with a profound disregard of grammatical precision. Walking one day in the gardens at Potsdam, accompanied by some aides-de-camp and a certain professor, the king was struck with the singular taste of a particular individual, and ejaculated; "*De gustibus non est disputantibus.*" The impropriety of the last two syllables instantly jarred on the well taught ear of the professor, who called out "*Dum—dum*, sire." Frederic stopped, stared at his tutor, and exclaiming, "*Dumme—dumme!* yes, I am *dumme!*" burst into a hearty laugh. The uninitiated reader must know that *dumme* is the German word for *stupid.*

three years of age. His countenance, which is rather full, lacks intelligence; but his figure is unexceptionable, and, with his dancing, called forth (at a ball at the Duke of Cambridge's) the warmest encomiums from the Hanoverian ladies. "*Oh, qu'il a la jolie tournure,*" and "*Sehr hüpsche mann!*" were repeated in every quarter. His highness did not, however, appear to estimate properly the adulation of his fair countrywomen, for he religiously abstained from seeking their acquaintance, confining his attentions to the one or two English ladies present; a preference which excited a slight degree of pique in the majority.

At Brunswick I hired a private carriage to convey me to Hanover; the driver of which, by way of avoiding *chaussée-hausen*, or turnpikes, took me a *short cut* across a sandy moor, and deposited me in a ditch within ten miles of Hanover. No great harm was done, but the fact is worth mentioning as a beacon to future travellers, who may be induced to employ similar conveyances.

It was quite refreshing, after passing so much

time amongst black eagles, blue coats, and lofty chacos, to find a sentinel at the barrier of Hanover dressed like one of our grenadier guards, and to see the old crown and G.R., and here and there a new W.R. on different items of government property. I fancied myself already in England; and when I entered the Hotel d'Hanovre, and found that my bed was not in my refectory, as at Prague, Berlin, and Vienna, the illusion was quite complete.

CHAPTER V.

Constitution of the Hanoverian Aristocracy—Character of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge—Loyalty of the Hanoverians—Military—Ladies.

It is rather singular that, considering the relative positions of Great Britain and Hanover, so little sympathy should appear to exist between the two kingdoms. Acknowledging the same sovereign; deriving a line of rulers from the same source; and linked by a common interest during the great struggle arising out of the French revolution—the two branches of his Britannic majesty's dominions are as much separated, or as little allied by common interest and friendship, as if they respectively belonged to the Emperor of Austria and the King of the

Sandwich islands. This indifference, however, to the concerns of the other is purely an *English* weakness: we never speak or think of Hanover but in the same breath with a ridiculous and unmerited sneer at German women, or at the adaptation of the place to the refuge of a sovereign who is not a complete slave of party clamour. The Hanoverians, on the other hand, are perfectly free from prejudice; and so far from indulging in frequent censures of natural weaknesses, eagerly testify their regard for their fellow subjects whenever the opportunity offers. It is natural enough certainly that the concerns of a great state should occupy more of the attention of a small one, than the former, amid its multitudinous and engrossing cares, can devote to the affairs of the latter. But it does not thence follow that the petty principality should be treated with contumely and contempt; nor is it a sufficient ground for a sweeping condemnation of a large portion of its population, that one individual, no matter from what cause, is in bad odour with the majority of the mighty Babylon.

Two or three works have already appeared, which, treating of the states in the north of Germany, comprise a view of the statistics and administration of Hanover; but they have, I believe, said little of the state of society in that kingdom, and are even valueless as text books regarding its political condition, seeing that at the very moment at which I write, the whole frame of government is undergoing a material and important change. I have it not in my power to supply the deficiency in the latter respect; for though circumstances have put me in possession of the nature of the alterations intended to be laid before the Chambers by the viceroy, yet it is by no means certain that the deputies of the people—the Unter Cammer, or Lower House—will be content to receive all that is offered them, while reform is in fashion, and turbulent, ambitious spirits have so much free scope for the exercise of their disaffection.

The customs of society are not, however, dependent on such contingencies; and I have no doubt that whatever modifications the science of *rule* may undergo in the birth-place of the first

George, the minor affairs of life (if the art of enjoying oneself *be* a minor affair) will still jog on much in the same way.

The community of Hanover is divided, like that of Hindostan, into four great tribes or castes—the nobility, or *haute societé*; the civil and military officers, who possess no order conferring personal nobility; the merchants, lawyers, and trades-people; and the journeymen, servants, and labourers: and these four divisions are separated by as strong a line of demarcation as that which keeps asunder the brahmins, rajpoots, rayuts, and sudras.

An old law, which to this moment has not been repealed, though the suspension of its operation, and the good taste of the government, have rendered it a mere dead letter, imposes the penalty of death on any nobleman who shall form a matrimonial alliance with one who is not in every respect his equal. A community which, in any age, could tolerate such an enactment, must, from the first, have been essentially aristocratic in its composition; and as German institutions are remarkable for their immutability,

it may readily be conceived that the noblesse of the present day are not utterly insensible to the charms of exclusiveness. The axe, it is true, no longer shortens the physical existence of the rash Graf* who shall dare to espouse a virtuous and accomplished woman of lowly birth, but the sneers and contumely of the more prudent nobles accompany his temerity to the end of his days, and have no trifling influence on the happiness of a man of commonly nervous sensibilities. How much they affect the peace of her, who, aspiring to rank and title, forsakes the humble path which owned the adornment of her infancy and youth, it is needless to say. History teems with too many examples of the folly of such ambitious indulgence.

The consequence of thus arbitrarily limiting the matrimonial choice of the nobility to their immediate circle of acquaintances may readily be conceived. The blood gets sadly intermixed, and the whole community is thus resolved into one large family, tenaciously jealous of its an-

* Count.

cient privileges, and careless of mental cultivation, since its possession cannot advance or its absence retard the promotion of any one member.

There is one section of the aristocracy, however, which enjoys an exemption from the rule in question; yet even *their* freedom is not completely without alloy. I allude to those officers in both branches of the service, who, wearing the Hanoverian Guelphic order, enjoy a degree of personal consequence, and possess all the privileges in society pertaining to those who are noble by birth. *They* may marry who they will, but then their wives do not partake in their honorary rank. The latter cannot appear at court on gala-days, nor are they very frequent guests at the viceroy's palace at any time; not that they would not be received on the footing of other guests if they chose to present themselves; but a natural (though I think an unfounded) apprehension of encountering incivility and hauteur, added to the necessity of keeping up an appearance and equipage beyond their means, induce them to forego the evanescent honour.

Thus, confined within their own circle, having but little taste for literary pursuits, and no inducement to intellectual exertion, the Hanoverians of the first class pass their lives in a perpetual search after amusement and *delassement.* Their grand aim seems to be to escape from themselves, and to seek a substitute for study and conversation in dancing, music, the theatre, and the card-table.

But however much this mode of life and the privileges of their rank may separate the *noblesse* from the other classes of the community, and render them objects of jealousy and dislike, within their particular sphere, they practise all the amenities of manner which distinguish and adorn the German character. Towards one another, and towards a chance stranger guest, their demeanour is kind, considerate, and unaffected. The English, in particular, receive a large portion of their friendly attention; and when once admitted within the aristocratic pale, become the objects of their most anxious solicitude. My own case was singularly in point. Arriving at Hanover a perfect stranger,

I followed the example of all travellers in attending one of the levees of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, purposing to depart immediately. The next morning, however, I was waited on with an invitation to the palace; and being introduced to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, was instantly received by the whole society on a footing of equality. My stay extended to seven weeks, and during that time I was not permitted to spend three evenings at my own hotel. This flattering notice, of course, originated in the condescending kindness of their royal highnesses; and I cannot but rejoice in the opportunity here afforded me of acknowledging the obligation, and of doing justice to those exalted characters.

There are, perhaps, few members of the royal family of Great Britain who are less known to the English nation, or who occupy less space in public thought, than the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

The former, from the natural unobtrusiveness of his character, and from the fact of his

never having held any prominent political appointment at home is only known to us by report, as a prince of kindly disposition and liberal principles; while her royal highness, a native of Germany, and the consort of the Duke only since his nomination to the government of Hanover, is a perfect stranger to all who had not the pleasure of being presented to her during her occasional visits to these realms. This ignorance of these illustrious personages must chiefly result from the habitual indifference of our public news caterers to objects at a distance; for it will not be disputed that the intercourse which subsists between the Hanoverians and their rulers, affords infinitely better opportunities for arriving at a correct conception of the characters of the latter, than the style and circumstances of high life in England can ever allow us to have of knowing the merits and foibles of that portion of the royal family which is found in London, Windsor, or Brighton. We hear of their movements, their parties, and their public charities; but beyond these it is difficult to penetrate.

In the little town of Hanover, on the contrary, where the Duke and Duchess hold a court, distinguished alike for its gaiety and innocence, personal character admits of little disguise; and though the minute investigation of each action of one's life, and a rigid scrutiny into each detail, may, as Madame de Stael observes, offer obstacles to a just comprehension of the "*ensemble*" of character, yet it is impossible that in a small society any glaring defect in the leading members should escape detection, or the influence of any pre-eminent virtue fail to be experienced. Hence, much is known of the exalted individuals whom I have ventured to bring into question, and it is upon the report of some of the most intelligent and amiable members of the Hanoverian community, confirmed by personal observation, that the details here submitted are founded.

To the casual observer, the most striking feature in the character of the Duke of Cambridge is an amiable frankness combined with a cheerful dignity, which at the same time that it inspires those who are permitted to address him

with an agreeable confidence, presents an effectual barrier to familiar or impertinent intrusion. That this frank and candid deportment does not spring from any strained desire to conciliate, but is the offspring of a genuine *gaieté de cœur*, tempered by education, and the severity of court etiquette will readily be perceived by those who watch the lively emotions produced in his royal highness by the mazy dance, the sound of music, the jest of the Lustspiel,* or the touching pathos of the higher branches of the drama. A deeper investigation of the private life of the Duke will exhibit to the inquirer the more solid qualities of prudence, benevolence, and the most rigid integrity. His household expenditure is conducted as carefully as may be consistent with liberal hospitality and the dignity of his station, while his private charities are unbounded. I have heard them rated at £6000 a year and upwards; an enormous sum, when the extent of the population of the states, and the cheapness of the necessaries of life, are considered.

* Comedy.

Integrity of purpose—a necessary property in those entrusted with the happiness of thousands—is not however merely a personal quality with his royal highness. It is indispensable that those about him should be, like Brutus's Portia, above suspicion; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that it is impossible a prince should be surrounded by a staff more remarkable for amenity of manners and personal worth.* Of the extent of the talents of the Duke of Cambridge but little is really known; but this is an evil inseparable from the condition of British or salaried princes. The circumstances which call for the development of great mental qualities do not operate in their case; they have little or

* I eagerly avail myself of this opportunity of expressing my deep sense of the kindness of Sir W. Davison and Viscount Fincastle, two of his Royal Highness's staff. Though utterly unknown to either of these gentlemen, they took the greatest pains to introduce me to society at large, and render my stay in Hanover interesting and agreeable. To Lord Fincastle my thanks are particularly due, and it is a subject of no little self-gratulation that I enjoy the friendship of one so amiable and enlightened—who possesses the esteem of all his acquaintances, and who adorns by his conduct the profession of a soldier, and the rank of a nobleman.

no share in the executive branch of government, and are never subjected to those struggles for wealth and preferment which bring us acquainted with the intellectual calibre of the generality of mankind. It may be thought that an exception to this truism is to be found in the person of the Duke of Cambridge, inasmuch as the duties of his office are apparently of an independent character. But I believe the fact to be, that the provisions of the Hanoverian constitution circumscribe the free will of the viceroy, as much as the charter of Great Britain limits the personal independence of our sovereign. Were it otherwise, however, I feel assured that the Duke of Cambridge would not be found deficient in statesman-like attributes, sound judgment, and strong good sense. His royal highness's conversation is rich, original, and varied; and I confess that on the five or six occasions when he honoured me with his notice, I was perfectly unprepared for the multitude of questions which he put to me regarding the social and political positions of India, Persia, Turkey, and Russia. It is a trite

remark that the faculty of questioning is a stronger evidence of ability than that of furnishing rational replies: the one resulting from the possession of a cultivated mind ever seeking an increase of knowledge, the other being merely (at least in a traveller) the necessary consequence of a little observation.

In attempting to delineate the character of the Duchess of Cambridge, I feel that I venture on a task at once difficult and delicate. Women, under all circumstances of civilized society, can rarely be well known to those towards whom they do not stand in some degree of relationship, or who have not been admitted to a familiar, friendly, and frequent intercourse with them. The comparative rarity of these opportunities is a notorious feature in all classes of the European community; but how much more palpable is it in that select branch which is at once the dictator and the slave of form,—which has entrenched itself within impregnable barriers to guard against the invasion of impertinence, and finds it hazardous to venture occasionally beyond their limits? In Hanover, as

I have observed above, ordinary court ceremony is greatly relaxed; but though this facilitates an acquaintanceship with the Duke of Cambridge's qualities, it does not operate in precisely the same degree in imparting a knowledge of her royal highness's character. This must be my apology for a brief and imperfect sketch of that illustrious lady.

During my residence in Hanover, it was my fortune to be fifteen times in the company of her royal highness, and I could not fail to be struck with the extraordinary ease and unaffected cheerfulness which characterized the notice she bestowed on those around her. At her own residence, the Schlosse, this affability of demeanour was still more apparent; it seemed to be her royal highness's anxious desire to put all her guests on a comfortable footing, to manifest no partialities, or testify her sense of the existing distinction of ranks. And all this evidently proceeded from spontaneous goodness of heart; no effort was visible; no contrast subsisted between the smile of the lip and the expression of the eye; kindness and courtesy

went hand in hand. Her royal highness speaks English with considerable fluency, and displays an intimate acquaintance with our institutions and the usages of English society. It is not at present very probable that her royal highness may ever be required to take a prominent part in public affairs; but should the course of events by chance call for the exercise of the stronger qualities of her mind, I am greatly mistaken if she will not be discovered to possess those masculine virtues, which, if history speaks sooth, have given princesses on more than one occasion, a large and happy influence over public destinies.

As a mother, her royal highness the Duchess of Cambridge is a pattern for her sex. The unceasing interest she takes in the mental cultivation of the little Princess Augusta is a subject of general commendation, and its beneficial results are singularly apparent in the person of the princess herself, who, at nine years of age, displays a precocity of understanding, combined with infantine simplicity, at once astonishing and gratifying. Prince George of Cambridge

is generally absent in England, but the maternal solicitude of the duchess for his welfare is obviously intense and affecting.

It has been recently hinted in one of the public journals, that the Duchess of Cambridge exercises an undue influence over her illustrious husband, and thwarts his better intentions. The assertion, evidently proceeding from one of the Hanoverian demagogues who correspond with the "Times," would, it was probably expected, have acquired ready credit at a time when anything affecting the integrity of royalty was particularly popular. That it is utterly false and disingenuous any one accustomed to move in the same sphere with their royal highnesses could readily aver; but were it otherwise, the party originating the libel could not from their situation in life know any thing about the matter.

Loyalty is a strong feature in the character of the Hanoverians. "*Le Roi*," "*Notre Roi*," is their frequent theme, and they sigh over a state of things which deprives them of the presence of a sovereign they revere. There may

not possibly be so much enthusiasm on the subject as there formerly was, for his late majesty did much to annihilate the devotion of his German subjects, by a course of conduct eminently calculated to shake the attachment of the warmest hearts. When the term of his promised visit to his Hanoverian dominions approached, every scheme that pure affection and respect could devise was adopted, to do honour to the illustrious guest. The ancient splendour of Herrn-Hausen and Walmoden were, in fancy, seen to revive: numberless parties on a liberal and elegant scale were arranged, and, when his majesty was announced to be within a few miles of the town, the whole community with one accord went out to meet him. In the entire course of his splendid reign George the Fourth was never honoured by so unequivocal a mark of his people's attachment. But how was it acknowledged? By a cold, repulsive,* and ungracious demeanour—by an

* It is said, that on passing the entrance gate, a poor man put a petition in at the window of the royal car-

utter disregard of the unaffected homage of love and loyalty. His late majesty shut himself up in the old electoral country house at Herrn-Hausen, and excepting when he dined with the viceroy and exhibited himself for a few seconds at a window of his residence on the occasion of a fête in the garden, the Hanoverians were never blessed with a sight of their sovereign. The impolicy of this proceeding was manifest in the disgust which for a long time possessed the whole kingdom; but the Germans are an indulgent, forgiving people, and readily seeking an excuse for the king in his reported indisposition, endeavour to forget the offence put upon their zeal in hopes of more consideration from his present majesty, whenever he may favour them with a visit.

The body which, next to the hereditary nobility, occupies the most important position in the Hanoverian circle, is the military. It may, perhaps, bear too great a disproportion to the

riage, which was received by a certain medical secretary, who threw it out again at the opposite side!

extent of the population of the states, and it appears to be encumbered with too large a staff; but the discussion of this question is rather out of the province of these volumes, and besides that, I am not prepared with sufficient information to examine it dispassionately. At Hanover there are two regiments perpetually quartered, (the guards and the yagers,) together with a detachment of hussars and the head-quarters of the artillery. The officers, most of whom have been in England, live very much in the style of the British, keeping up excellent messes and causing their table to be served after the same rules. Nationality apart, I cannot but think this custom far superior to the ordinary German habit of causing each dish to be brought separately before the company. In the former case, the epicure, having his feast before him, indulges in a reconnoissance of the various dishes, and selects the viands which offer the most delectable gratification to his gastronomic cravings; in the latter, ignorant of what is to come, he swallows the cates in the consecutive order of their appearance, and, when

quite sated, with soup, fish, kraut, sausage, cotelette, and braten, is mortified with the *entrée* of a delicious *morçeau*, which the apprehensions of indigestion and concomitant nightmares compel him to decline absorbing.

On the afternoons appropriated to the reception of guests, the bands of the regiments attend in the mess-rooms, and I scarcely know a greater treat than to hear the compositions of Weber and Beethoven played by these scientific and tasteful musicians. The Hunter's Chorus from *Der Frieschutz*, executed on the bugles of the Hanoverian yagers, is a splendid piece of work, and will long survive the caprices of fashion and the wearying effect of repetition elsewhere. The artillery have a band, as well as the hussars, grenadier guards, and yagers, and when the whole play together (as they are instructed to do,) on the occasion of a public inspection by the viceroy or commandant, the effect surpasses all description. The hussar and grenadier bands are tutored to perform on wind or string instruments as circumstances may require, and it is really difficult to say on

which they are most proficient. But why do I talk? are they not Germans? and is not the soul of the merest Bauer* filled with music from his infancy? Is not each officer a professor—at least in taste and spirit—and is not the viceroy of Hanover himself an ardent patron of harmony? Why "paint the lily?" Why "gild refined gold?"

Every English visitor is a welcome guest at the tables of the Hanoverian officers, and every attention that genuine good-fellowship can suggest is cordially tendered. The gentlemen are for the most part well acquainted with England, and with our language and usages, and being moreover middle-aged men, and men of the world, they prove most agreeable companions.

But there is another feature in the Hanoverian military which must, for a considerable time, endear them to Englishmen, independently of their intrinsic merit. They are associated with the recollection of the greatest deeds

* Peasant.

achieved by the British arms during the mighty struggle with Napoleon. They are the *débris* of that glorious legion which spread terror through the ranks of the hostile invader of Spain, Portugal, and Belgium. Numberless breasts are decorated with the Waterloo medal: and numberless tongues, but for the natural modesty of the German character, could speak of Talavera, Vittoria, St. Sebastian, Orthes, Toulouse, Nivelle, &c. The spirit of animosity engendered by the French occupation of Hanover, and strengthened by the contest in the Peninsula, is far from subsiding in the Hanoverian states; and it is a fact that the military view with alarm and grief the prospect of any general war in Europe in which British and French troops may be found united. Old fellowship and a British sovereign inspire the Hanoverian soldier with a desire to make common cause with England in all disputes which are referred to the sword; but unextinguishable dislike and *amor patriæ* revolt at a junction with France. At one time during my stay in Hanover it was expected that a war between

France and Austria would arise out of the occupation of Ancona by the former:—there was not then a single officer who did not heartily pray for Austrian triumph.

There are two clubs in Hanover devoted to news-reading, cards, billiards, chess, scandal, and the chibouk. One is termed the *billiard* club, from its possessing but one billiard table, and being the most *recherchée* institution; the other, the *museum's* club, because, though there are several billiard tables, there is *no* museum attached, and it is a place of general resort for junior officers, who there live in clouds of tobacco smoke. I can divine no better reason for the titles of these establishments.

The life of the Hanoverian officer, during these piping times of peace, possesses much sameness, but on the whole appears to accord pretty well with the German temperament. He rises at a reasonable hour, breakfasts at one, attends guard-mounting parade, drill, and the orderly room; dinesat four, adjourns to the club, thence to a ball, evening party or dramatic representation, and again to the club, where he

wiles away an hour ruminating on past exploits, and sighing for that revolution of the political wheel which shall place war in the ascendant.

A word on the Hanoverian ladies—and it must be a short one, for who dare hope to analyse that mysterious piece of work, woman—whether she be brown as the Hindoo, black as the Negress, soft as the Italian, lively as the French, fair as the Persian, and domestic as the English—without incurring the animosity of the whole sex in all its fierceness and awful intensity?

The *married* women of Hanover above forty years of age patronise whist and boston, conversaziones and carpet embroidery: those who have not yet reached the grand climacteric waltz, nurse and exhaust twelve hours a week in their box at the theatre, (excepting on a benefit night,) yawning over the *repetatur haustus* of lustspiel, trauerspiel, and opera. They are all friendly, kind-hearted creatures, perfectly free from affectation, and much better educated than is necessary for all the purposes of *their* quiet life.

The rule of conduct established for the guidance of the young *unmarried* ladies is somewhat anomalous in its provisions, and deserves especial mention for its singularity. Left at full liberty to dance, to flirt, to chat, and *romp* with all the young scions of nobility when they meet in a ball-room or at *soirée*, they are inhibited the slightest familiarity on the promenade, or out of the saloons of gaiety; nay, it is an understood thing that the parties shall not even stop to speak when they meet in the public street, and it is rare indeed that a gentleman is allowed to see the junior females of the family during a morning call!

This contradictory state of things is the effect of a partial decay of certain regulations laid down by discreet mothers of families about ten years since. It seems that, shortly anterior to that epoch, the intercourse of the youth of both sexes had attained to a dangerous degree of intimacy, threatening sad confusion in the future progeny of the *noblesse*. This sorely terrified and perplexed those parents whose daughters were yet to be "presented;" and, as people are

ever in extremes, the bonds which had hitherto been too much relaxed were now drawn insufferably tight. Freedom, amounting almost to licentiousness, was suddenly succeeded by starch prudery; profligacy was hurled from her throne, and the dynasty of reserve supplanted her authority. But the genius of Germany is opposed to austerity, and the iron reign of the usurper soon became unpalatable. By and bye came innovation; custom after custom fell into disuse, and things rapidly reached the present incongruous point, where young and graceful girls are found horribly repulsive by day, and bewitchingly attractive by night.

The dinner parties of Hanover are, for the most part, composed exclusively of gentlemen;* and the ladies are thus deprived of one of those happy opportunities for strengthening their un-

* No Hanoverian nobleman understands the *sçavoir vivre* better than the gallant and venerable Count Alten. His dinners and wines are in the very best style, and are held in such high esteem, that to have *fed* with the respected war minister (the count's present post) is tantamount, at Hanover, to possessing the entrée of the Duke of Devonshire's in London.

derstandings which put English women so much on a level with the lords of creation. In fact, the collision of intellect between the two sexes is very commonly eschewed throughout the upper classes in Germany. "*A Berlin,*" (De Stael loquitur,) "*les hommes ne causent guère qu'entreux; l'état militaire leur donne une certaine rudesse, qui leur inspire le besoin de ne pas se gener pour les femmes.*" At Hanover it is the *etat diplomatique,* conjoined with the attractions of the club, which apparently influence the men in leaving the women to themselves; and in this they evince both want of taste and judgment, for the education of females (as I have before observed) is remarkably *soignée* in that principality, and they want but a fair field to prove that their minds are as strong as they are graceful.

CHAPTER VII.

The town of Hanover—The old Palace—Traditions—Musical taste—The Walmoden Picture—German nationality—Parties—Relative ranks.

It would, perhaps, be too much to affirm that Hanover is the most uninteresting of all German towns, but it is quite certain that there are few whose general aspect is less inviting. Without possessing any claims to an antiquity as remote as the middle ages, she offends your eye with her aged look in what is called the Old Town, and offers no good specimens of modern taste in the portion denominated the New. Her houses are chiefly of a faded red brick, with high pointed roofs, some of the most ancient of

which are decorated with grotesque ornaments rudely carved in wood, while others present above the habitable apartments, large granaries of a conical form, whose front is perforated with small arched windows, very much in the style of a pigeon-house. The more modern residences are, for the most part, built around the town, and face pleasant avenues which constitute the chief promenades. The public edifices are few, and possess but little attraction. The old *Stadt-Haus*, the house in which Leibnitz was born, the Schlosse, (now merely used as offices and a temporary barrack,) the king's stables and two or three churches, form the only *lions* worthy a stranger's inspection. The domicile of the Duke of Cambridge has a good front, but as it forms one of a row of decent houses, it would scarcely be distinguished for a royal residence were it not for the sentinels at the gate.

In the course of ten years, if nothing occurs to interfere with the works now in progress, Hanover will become a handsome city. The destruction of the oldest and least sightly build-

ings has been commenced upon, and a plan laid down for the erection of new streets. The old electoral palace amongst the first, is vanishing from the face of the earth under the auspices of the bricklayers and stone-masons, carrying with it a monument of the crimes and intrigues of the ancient court of Hanover. I never could pass that building without recurring involuntarily to the reign of the father of our George the First, and to the licentiousness for which it was distinguished. Who has not read of the sufferings of the poor princess of Celle, and the murder of the gallant and the fascinating Köningsmarck? The father of George the First, it is known, was devoted to a certain countess P——, who exercised a pernicious influence over the affairs of the state. When Prince George married the lovely daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Celle or Zell, the character and beauty of the latter acquired great weight at court, and shook the power of the intriguing Countess. The Countess accordingly set her wits to work to counteract the efforts of her rival and superior, and

taking advantage of the weakness and inconstancy of the Prince, who was by no means strongly attached to the Princess, she put herself in his way, conquered him by the force of her charms, and in the capacity of mistress of both father and son, resumed her ascendancy at court. This sovereignty, constant persecution, and the indifference of her husband, were, naturally enough, sources of great misery to the unfortunate Princess of Celle, who, unable to support such an accumulation of cruelty, became a prey to settled grief. One of her suite, a young Polish count, named Köningsmarck, who was greatly attached to her before her marriage, offered the consolation of his society; but, tender of the reputation of his royal mistress, he took every possible precaution to guard her from any serious imputation. The vigilance and hatred of the Countess P—— were not, however, to be baffled. Working upon the mind of the first George, she roused in him suspicions of the Princess's fidelity, and procured the assassination of Köningsmarck one evening after he had been visiting the Princess.

This deed of blood was followed by the incarceration of the Princess in a dungeon, in one of the old castles in the Hanoverian dominions, where she remained many years—and where, if my memory does not fail me, the poor thing died. I draw this piece of secret history from an old work which I fell in with at the royal library at Hanover; but, of course, do not pretend to vouch for its authenticity. The story, however, is devoutly credited in Hanover; and, as the subject is only a century old, there could be little difficulty in establishing its truth from the records and pictures extant.

Another story is told connected with the unhallowed character of the old palace, but would seem to belong to remoter times than the beginning of the eighteenth century.

It seems that when the workmen were clearing away the rubbish from a cell near the foundation of the building, they found some skeletons, which were supposed, from the remnants of brown clothing, crosses, and *beards*, to belong to monks, who, history informs us, inhabited certain apartments there. *Amongst*

them was the skeleton of a woman with *her hands bound behind her;* from which mysterious circumstance the patrons of the marvellous infer that the female fell a victim to the lustful inclinations of the celibacious fathers.

The building next fated to destruction is the theatre, which appears to have occupied a central position in the palace. The interior has a heavy cheerless look, which is increased by the penury displayed in the consumption of oil and wax candles. The boxes, of which there are two tiers, are decorated with old-fashioned gilding, and present so many abutments and projections in their divisions, that they resemble divers large chests piled one over the other in the form of an irregular semicircle. The orchestra is spacious, well arranged, and exceedingly well conducted. Marschner, who is celebrated throughout Germany for his exquisite composition, "The Templar and the Jewess," (an opera founded on Scott's Ivanhoe,) invariably leads in person, and manifests a praiseworthy anxiety that justice is done to the mu-

sical department of the theatre. In fact, it could not be otherwise: the Duke of Cambridge is passionately fond of music, and having no inconsiderable critical acumen in matters of harmony, takes care that the annual allowance granted by government for the support of the theatre is not improperly bestowed. Add to this, that the audience are, nine out of ten at least, musical connoisseurs, and some of them surpass in talent even the prima donna, the soprano, basso, contr' alto, &c. of the stage itself. On Good Friday one of Handel's best oratorios was performed in the public concert room for the benefit of the poor, when the interesting and uncommon spectacle presented itself of some of the most charming members of the aristocracy, the talented portion of the *bourgeoisie*, and the *corps operatique* joining in the benevolent and scientific exhibition. The Hanoverian countesses never appeared in so amiable a light as when engaged in this office of charity, chaunting forth the sublimest effusions of Handel's muse in concert with those whom they are too much accustomed to regard

with contempt. I fear that we might look in vain for a similar exhibition in England; for, giving credit to the British aristocracy for as much individual excellence as falls to the lot of mankind in general, (and I am sure they deserve it,) they are too easily scared by the demon "Vulgarity,"—too apprehensive of the defilement of the *servum pecus*,—to enter upon any undertaking which is not decidedly exclusive. We see the effect of this ridiculous horror of contamination even in the very amusements of the nobility: the theatre, watering-places, promenades, all are abandoned because they are equally open to the citizen and the shopkeeper; and it would be an abomination *to be seen* (there lies the gist of the folly) in the same box or avenue with Mrs. Simpkins of Watling Street, or Mr. Grumskin of Tower Hill. How much more powerfully would this feeling operate if it were proposed to associate in a public performance of music, and place Lady ——— in juxtaposition with the crisp, red-haired Miss Snubbs—the haughty peeress accompanying the grocer's daughter!

If music be generally patronised in Hanover, painting on the other hand receives little or no encouragement. Excepting the private collection of a Mr. Hausmann, which that person obligingly exposes to public view on Sundays, there is not an exhibition of any kind within the town. At the royal country house, (Herrn-Hausen,) about a mile and a half from the town at the extremity of a noble *allée* of trees, there are some clever portraits of the various members of the house of Hanover, and of the court of the electors; and in the residence attached to the garden formerly belonging to Count Walmoden, there is a splendid historical picture, representing Henry the Lion defending the Emperor Frederick from the attack of the Roman rebels. The picture possesses considerable merit in detail, though the *tout ensemble* is deficient in spirit and general effect. Attached to it is a brief history of the events which it represents, and which forms one of the most interesting incidents in the Brunswick annals.

Frederick, Duc of Suabia,* surnamed Bar-

* I translate from the German description.

barossa, the most noble of the Hohenstrausen, was elected King of the Germans and Italians, in the year 1152, after the death of his uncle Conrad III., to the entire satisfaction of all parties, being by his mother Judith, (a Guelphic princess, and sister of Henry the Magnanimous,) the cousin of Henry, surnamed the Lion.*

To put an end to the long quarrels between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, which had cost Germany so many men, under the reign of Conrad III., Frederick restored to his cousin, the young Duke of Brunswick, the duchy of Bavaria, which had been unjustly taken from his father, at the diet of the empire at Goslar, 1154, by that means paving the way for his advance towards Rome at the head of his army.

During this famous expedition in October 1154, where Frederick appeared in all his glory, having for object the re-establishment in Italy of the imperial rights, the Guelph Henry, then twenty-five years of age, accompanied the emperor, with a large body of Saxon cavalry,

* Duke of Brunswick and Wolfenbuttel.

numerically as powerful as the troops of Frederick.

As soon as Frederick had been enthroned at Pavia, with the Lombardian diadem, he began his march, passing by Bologna, to receive at Rome the imperial crown and the Papal unction And never was opportunity more favourable, for at that moment a worthy Englishman from St. Albans had been raised to the throne of St. Peter's.

Soon after the arrival of Frederick in Italy, Nicolas Breckspecke, a mild, upright, and pious man, but jealous of his rights and privileges, which he stoutly maintained, obtained the dignity of Pope at the death of Anastasius IV., and took the name and title of Adrian IV., having previously been apostle of the Norwegians. Through his merit alone he procured the dignity of cardinal and bishop of Albano, and in the exercise of that sacred office acquired the esteem of all people of fortune, worth, and consequence. Severe in his principles, he pronounced a ban against the Romans soon after his accession, because, excited by the heretic

Arnaud de Brescia, they had killed in a commotion the Cardinal Potenziana.

During the expedition of Frederick, the conduct of certain German princes excited a great deal of uneasiness in the bosom of Adrian, but the disturbances thence arising were quieted through the mediation of other princes, in a manner suggested by the Pope and the Emperor during a conversation which they held at Campograsso near Sutri, so that the arrangements for the coronation were not interrupted

Soon afterwards, on the 17th of June, the revolutionary Romans endeavoured to gain over the emperor to their party, and offered him the imperial crown, on condition that he not only confirmed their senate, but that he likewise granted them certain liberties and privileges, and paid them five thousand marks in money to defray the expenses of the coronation. Indignant at this arrogance, Frederick returned an admirable reply to their demands, which may be found in the works of Otho of Freisingen, and is worthy of the best efforts of Livy.

As Frederick and the Pope could easily dis-

cover by the movements of the Romans their real designs and intentions, they made themselves secretly masters of the Vatican, of the church of St. Peter, and the Citta Leonina, and surrounded the church with a thousand men of approved prowess, while the rebels retained possession of the Moles of Adrian, the bridge of St. Ange, and of the rest of the town, little suspecting the sage proceedings of the Pope.

On the morning of the 18th of June, every thing being in readiness, the Pope solemnly received the Emperor at the Cathedral of St. Peter, and after high mass placed the crown on his head with the usual sacred formalities. Otho of Freisingen gives a pathetic description of the splendour of the scene.

As soon as the Romans discovered that they had been deceived they assembled *en masse* at Campidaglio, rushed across the bridge of St. Ange, and indignant that the solemn ceremony had been performed without their consent attacked the Romans stationed on the southern side of the cathedral. At first they obtained

some slight advantages, the number of German soldiers being insufficient to repulse them with vigour and effect; besides that the emperor, clothed in the imperial robes, was unable in person to restrain the fury of the reckless crowd with the same success as the Pope accompanied by his cardinals and prelates.

It is said that, in this combat, the Suabian Knights, and amongst them one named Dalberg, performed prodigies of valour, whence probably arose the distinction that the family of Dalberg enjoyed; viz. the reception by one individual of the family of the honour of knighthood, as soon as ever a new emperor mounted the throne.

Informed of the danger of their allies, numbers of the Germans, amongst whom Henry of Saxony greatly distinguished himself, ran with their cohorts to the theatre of action, and not only put the enemy to flight and delivered the Emperor and the Pope from mortal peril, but killed some thousand Romans, and took two hundred prisoners, whom they surrendered to the vengeance of the emperor. The latter,

however, at the instigation of the Pope, restored these captives their liberty, and they were accordingly sent to the prefect of Rome.

As the troops of Duke Henry composed nearly the half of the imperial army, they had, under a chief as valiant as he was generous, a large share in the happy issue of this affair, while Henry not only covered himself with glory but with wounds also.

The artists have chosen the moment when Henry has just defeated the rebellious forces, who, retreating in confusion, are pursued by the Duke's gallant warriors. Some few of the mutineers, urged by despair, still persevere in a feeble attempt at resistance. The Emperor is on horseback in front of the church of St. Peter, returning from the sacred ceremony with the Pope, and covered with the imperial trappings bearing the crown on his head. He has an air of scarcely-restrained impatience to mingle in the fray, to assist in which object two esquires are presenting his helmet and glaïve. The imperial eagle waves above his head, and the standard of the Duchy of Suabia floats in the breeze as a

signal to the brave Suabians, who displayed so much valour in this unequal combat, and who left so many of their gallant nobles dead on the field of battle. Otho of Wittelsbach, the eldest of the Palatinate house, and the faithful friend of the Emperor Frederick, (his companion in all his battles,) is seen at his side, and appears to be pitying the wounded and encouraging the combatants. To the right, the venerable Pope, his head covered with the double tiara, is on horseback accompanied by cardinals and the bearer of the crucifix. His countenance is at once indicative of dignity and regret.

A little further forward, on the same side, is the undaunted Duke Henry, standing alone in a highly picturesque attitude—"pride in his port, defiance in his eye"—awaiting the assault of a powerful Roman who approaches with the evident desire of once more measuring a lance with his lion-hearted antagonist. Dying rebels, the shields, helmets and arms of the deceased and the fugitive, cover the field of battle and attest that they have lost the day.

The Saxon standard floats behind Henry the

Lion, emblematic of the succour which he has afforded the Emperor and the Pope. Many of the Saxons are in hot pursuit of the rebels, and amongst them may be discerned the brave Dalberg, who is recognizable by his shield and the cross of his family.

In the back ground of the picture may be seen the steeple of the cathedral of St. Peter, the Pantheon, the mountains of Latium, the course of the Tiber, the castle of St. Ange, with the bridge of that name, exactly as they then appeared, together with a view of Rome just as it is represented in old pictures to have appeared during the fourteenth century.

This picture is the only one in Hanover that you are ever asked if you have seen. Many of the rest possess more merit, but it is not the fashion to notice them. In short, the muse of painting finds no votaries in Hanover. So little, indeed, is the art patronised, that it is the most difficult thing imaginable to obtain a good likeness from any one in the town, and consequently there are no fair portraits extant of either the Duke or Duchess of Cambridge.

I have spoken of the habits and constitution of the Hanoverian aristocracy. The second class of society, into which, as a traveller, I was privileged to go without forfeiting my pretensions to a place in the upper circle, appeared to me to be remarkable for intelligence, modesty, and unobtrusiveness. I could occasionally detect a few glimmerings of that bitterness of spirit and hostility to the government which ordinarily animate the inferior grades in all similarly organized societies, yet there seemed to be nothing approaching to a resolution to drive the authorities to extremities in case of the *Ober Cammer*, or upper chamber, proving refractory when the new constitution came to be discussed.

If the aristocracy of Hanover is distinguished by an indifference to literary pursuits, the second, and even the third class, on the other hand, can boast of many superior men, aye, and women too, who, by the mere force of industry, have overcome the various impediments to distinction, and succeeded in taking high ground as authors, linguists, teachers, &c. The same

remark will apply to the humbler walks of life in Berlin. The grafs, the ministers, the Barons, or the generals, rarely trouble themselves with literary efforts, but the poor students, the clerks, and the medical men of small practice in their profession, are obliged to exert themselves a little, and do occasionally produce magnificent specimens of genius and ability. Some of my pleasantest evenings in Berlin were passed in obscure chambers in a dirty part of the town, in the society of a few young men of the latter description. Their acquirements in modern and ancient literature, in philosophy, astronomy and political economy, in languages and music, were perfectly astonishing, and were it not for the world of smoke in which their chibouks involved the visitor, he would be fastidious indeed who would desire a more intellectual gratification. On political topics a little reserve was usually practised, especially if the assembly contained any individuals whose faith and circumspection could not be depended on. In compliment to an English guest * the conversation

* No people that I have met with appear to have

usually turned on the wealth, the intelligence, and enterprise of Englishmen,—their travelling habits, their surprising conquests abroad, their SHAKSPEARE :—then, down to a piano would one of the party sit and play from memory, some of the most exquisite national compositions to which he would lend the aid of a sweet and well-tutored voice. In return for this civility it became me to laud every thing in Germany which appeared to deserve commendation; and this course produced a display of nationality at once singular and interesting. It may be described as a love of the whole "*fader land*;" the "*lieber land*," and a detestation of its several divisions. Praise Germany at large, and there is not a Prussian, a Hanoverian, a Saxon, or a Hungarian, who will not adopt the encomium as peculiarly the property of his *own* state or province. Praise the illustrious men of Germany, and a deep silence ensues, for no one

more tact in this respect than the Germans. Their good nature readily suggests the most agreeable method of entertaining their friends, and their intelligence supports their kind intentions.

likes to confess that they are not from the same town as himself. Mozart was an Austrian, yet all Germany in this way claims him as her own. Göethe, Leibnitz, Wallenstein, and Weber, were natives but of one town; yet call them any thing but *Germans*, and you will instantly be corrected. And yet, coeval with this adhesion to the portions of the ancient whole, there exists a spirit of animosity amongst the natives of the different states as virulent as it is unaccountable. A particular failing ascribed by foreign writers to the "Germans," is scouted by the Bavarian as a characteristic of the Saxon: the Austrian, in like manner, disowns the imputation affecting merely the Hessian; the Hanoverian eagerly rebuts a charge which more particularly attaches to the Prussian.

It is difficult perhaps to find a satisfactory reason for this apparent anomaly, excepting in the last supposed case. The treatment experienced by Hanover from Prussia after the battle of Jena was aggravating and unmerited; and however materially the inducements of insulted nationality and the suggestions of policy

may influence the former in stepping forth as the occasional advocates of the latter, yet no real sympathy subsists between the two, more especially as the contiguity of the states produces a greater similarity of habit and language, and therefore a greater likelihood of the native of one kingdom being mistaken for the native of another. Nothing tends more to increase our hatred of an enemy, than the fact of his bearing a close resemblance to ourselves.

I cannot cease gossiping about Hanover without once more glancing at the mode in which the aristocracy are wont to wile away this sublunary existence. I shall divide my discourse into three heads, viz.—1st. the weekly evening's recreation;—2d. the morning pastime;—3d. the distinctions of rank; and I shall endeavour to dismiss these topics with the brevity of a military person anxious for his dinner, or the delights of a fox-chace.

The evening amusement is determined with due regard to the arrangements of the Duchess of Cambridge, and the attractions of the theatre. Every Sunday the viceroy entertains a party

of the *élite* at dinner, whose invitations are regulated by a certain roll or list; on Tuesdays her royal highness receives company at home; if no ball is announced for Thursday at the house of any individual of rank, then dancing is the order of the night at the Schlosse;* but if there be hopes of exercise for the fantastic toe, cards, music, or romps, become the evening's occupation. The latter amusement is, I suspect, somewhat peculiar to Germany—perhaps I should say, to Hanover: I never saw or heard of it any where else. A dozen young ladies, accompanied by as many young gentlemen, who are not *au fait* at shuffling, cutting, and the odd trick, retire to a salon and play at forfeits and blind-man's-buff, until ice, wafers, and negus interrupt the intellectual pursuit; or, while the

* Mr. Hodgskin, and the author of "A Ramble in Germany" (I think) have alluded to the fondness for flowers which is peculiar to the Hanoverians. They have not however mentioned, that when it is known a dance is to take place in the spring weeks, the young gentlemen send bouquets anonymously to their fair friends, who wear them in the evening in their girdles; "sweets to the sweet!"

best vocalists soothe the society with sweet sounds, the female portion of the assembly get through six stitches of carpet embroidery, or hem one quarter of a side of a cambric pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes private theatricals constitute the attraction of the Schlosse; and I have really been witness to comic talent that would do honour to the first German stage.

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings are spent within the walls of the public theatre, while Saturday, owing to its contiguity to the Sabbath, is a kind of banian day, appropriated generally to small family parties. And all this round of pleasure is supported at a very slight cost, though the wardrobe of the ladies appears to be elegant and extensive, and there is no lack of refreshment, domestics, good music, and handsome equipages. I have heard it stated by a nobleman of distinction, that the average expenditure of a family in the upper class does not exceed one thousand pounds per annum. It cannot indeed be often beyond this sum, seeing that the wealthiest Hanoverian

Graf does not enjoy a larger income than four thousand pounds a year.

If the winter evenings in Hanover are consecrated to mirth and social intercourse, the mornings are devoted to systematic occupation. The affairs of the nursery, dress-making, carpet embroidery, and light reading, fill up the hours of the matrons until one o'clock; the young ladies apply themselves to divers studies, to painting, music, &c. (alas! *cui bono?*)—at one every body goes out to pay visits, or to enjoy the promenade—*ergo*, nobody ever finds any body at home. Four o'clock summonses the world—the Hanoverian world—to dinner and to dress. *Cætera desunt.*

As nobody is at home when visitors drop in, it may be concluded that a full card-case is an indispensable companion on a round of calls. In truth, Hanover is the very head quarters of pasteboard. Visiting cards there form a series of algebraic substitutes for daily communion; they represent warm, lasting, and indissoluble friendships. My obliging cicerone advised me soon after my arrival, to "*send* my card" to

about two hundred individuals, in return for which I received an equal number, and was thenceforth on the best imaginable footing with all persons of *ton.*

Of the distinctions of rank it may be thought I have already said enough, or more than enough. I cannot, however, omit the opportunity of referring to the comparative importance of the titles *count* and *baron* with which all Germany is deluged. I had always imagined the former took precedence of the latter under every circumstance and situation; but one or two instances to the contrary induced me to make inquiries, the rather that my own ancestors have handed down to me a dirty Portuguese barony, which, by the way, I have never been able to turn to any profitable account. The result of my investigations is this, and I state it minutely for the benefit of the curious in aristocratic distinctions:—

The count, or graf, if he holds *no* post under government, takes precedence of the baron similarly situated, unless the baron can produce a longer pedigree.

If the count holds an office equal in importance to the baron, even though the latter can trace his ancestry to a more remote period, then the count is "saved before the ancient."

If the baron hold a higher office than the count, then Monsieur le Baron enjoys the pre-eminence.

I have the highest authority for the declaration of this rule; and can, moreover, assure those of my readers who derive their notions of German nobility from the melodramas of the Coburg theatre, that barons are not great heavy men, patrons of dungeons, and tyrannisers over the peasant and the fair; nor are counts at all times sprightly chevaliers, ambitious of redeeming imprisoned maidens at the sword's point. Such creations belong to "th' olden time;" in these degenerate days the folks who haunt black forests, chateaux, and mountains, are kind-hearted, agreeable gentlemen, of ordinary stature, amateurs of whist and white cravats, and scarcely tinged with an affection for romance.

I have professed my inability to speak of Hanoverian politics; but I cannot, on that account, abstain from an allusion to the newspaper of the states—the *Hanoverische Zeitung*. This publication exists in apparent mockery of the freedom of the press. It is ably conducted by a gentleman of amazing talent, named Pertz, who has, at the same time, the custody of the royal archives. He is a man of liberal sentiments, and warmly interested in the political improvement of his native country; in fact, the electors of one of the states have nominated him, unsolicited, their representative in the new parliament: and yet, with such a reforming spirit about him, the much-abused government has had the courage to leave the direction of the *Zeitung* to his own discretion—has made him, in short, his own censor. Mr. Pertz has, of course, a difficult card to play, but he manages it with considerable tact. He expected to have it in his power to report the proceedings of the Chambers. It seems, however, that the parliament have decided against opening their doors to the public, and, I think, with

very good reason. Diffident gentlemen, like the German representatives, who are utterly "unaccustomed to public speaking," would, I am persuaded, be greatly at a loss for words, and get terribly confused and nervous, if they imagined "a chiel" was "amang them, taking notes," in order on the morrow to expose their orations to public inspection, and the impertinence of criticism. They must have time to spread their new-fledged wings before the world can be admitted to view their flights. A few brief sessions will bring this about, and then eloquence and business can go hand in hand. We have regular schools for public speakers in England in the shape of public meetings, debating clubs, dinner parties, the hustings, and the bar; and few members obtain a seat in parliament who have not passed through one or the other ordeal. In Germany, on the contrary, they "use all gently;" and it is rare, indeed, that a man in any station is called on to address "Mr. President," or appeal to the multitude for their "most sweet voices."

On the evening of the 25th of April, 1832,

I walked to the military parade ground, and took a parting glance at the Waterloo monument previous to quitting Hanover. This monument, when completed, will be a great ornament to the town. In form it resembles the erection on Fish-street hill, having a railed gallery above, which commands a beautiful view of the whole surrounding country. The base of the monument contains niches for the reception of a few pieces of cannon, taken from the French by the Hanoverian troops; and above these are large slabs, on which are inscribed in alto-relievo the names of those of the German legion who fell in the great contest.

One day and one night in the cabriolet of a diligence carried me to Osnabrück, where I supped, slept, and spent a day.

Osnabrück, until within these few years a bishop's see, is reputed the second town in the kingdom of Hanover in respect to bustle, gaiety, and wealth. The cathedral, founded by Charlemagne, and so often renovated that all traces of its antiquity are fast disappearing,

is the chief, and, indeed, the only *lion* shown to strangers, excepting perhaps the hall where the Peace of Westphalia was signed. The population of Osnabrück is computed at eleven thousand souls, nearly one half of whom are Roman Catholics. The place derives its wealth from its cloth manufactures, and from its being the head-quarters of a regiment of Hanoverian hussars, and one of infantry, who spend a little money there. These latter likewise give a tone to society, and infuse a little gaiety into the town, which otherwise would be remarkable for its monotony, and the spirit of demagoguism which animates the coffee-house aspirants after new constitutions.

There was—or, I believe I should say, there is—a theatre in Osnabrück, where a troop of merry vagabonds occasionally assemble to "tear passion to tatters." This theatre has successively been a receptacle for monks, horses, and Thespians, having originally been a convent, whence it was converted into a stable, and latterly into a dramatic temple—"To what vile uses may we come!"

Pursuing the ordinary post road by Deventer, Utrecht, &c., I reached Rotterdam on the Sunday following my departure from Hanover, and awaited the sailing of the Batavier steam boat.

If other countries had interested me for their wildness, their grandeur, their beauty, and their *agrémens*, Holland charmed me by its unvarying exhibition of order, cleanliness, and industry. The brilliancy of the copper and pewter utensils in the inn kitchens; the polished window-panes; the tables and chairs innocent of spot or blemish; the streets guiltless of mud or dust; the prevalence of marine attire; the abundance of butter and cheese; the eternal turnpikes; the endless canals; the crowds of vessels; the old pictures; the crisp and tidy females; all, all announced that I was within the second city of the second trading nation in the world, and compensated for the absence of cheerful scenery and the presence of swamps and windmills.

There was a little political excitement in Holland at this time owing to the Belgic question,

and the Dutch looked on each Englishman as a member of a busy, meddling nation, that would not allow them to adjust their own affairs. I endeavoured to propitiate them by manifesting an interest in their condition, and enjoyed enough of the conversation of the most intelligent to be able to arrive at this conclusion; viz., that though there seemed a difference of opinion in the country as to the motives for hostilities against Belgium, there was none as to the propriety of going to war. "We do not again want Belgium," cry one party, "for the natives of that ungrateful portion of the Netherlands will claim, as before, an equal participation in Dutch privileges; but we will exhaust our blood and our treasure to help the king to punish her insolence and reduce her strength." "O," exclaim another party, "let us re-conquer Belgium and annex it to Holland. Our weight at present in the political scale bears too small a proportion to the magnitude of our commerce and extent of Dutch intelligence." Thus, *bella, horrida-bella,* was the one per-

vading cry, the supporters of the king merely differing in their ideas of a motive.

At Helvoetsluys the steamer was found to be waiting for passengers, and was moored alongside of a quarantine boat, where a few importations from England were doing penance for coming over laden with cholera. That this quarantine was merely established for the purpose of vexing the English, and striking a slight blow at our trade, was manifest from the circumstance of persons being allowed to go from Rotterdam to Helvoetsluys to unload the steamer, and then return into the city without previously undergoing any purification.

On the 2nd of May the Batavier boiled and bubbled across to England, and on the night of the 3rd I landed at the Custom House stairs, and mentally acknowledged the bounty of the Almighty in guiding me in safety through so many months of toil and peril.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Explanatory.

My pilgrimage is at an end, and little is left me now to do but to lay down my staff and commit my records to the public. Like an anxious boy, however, who feels that his work is fraught with imperfections, I would fain offer a few words in extenuation of my demerits before I finally surrender it up for inspection; or like a barrister, who apprehends his case requires a closing appeal, I would make one effort more to conciliate my judges, and then sit down tremblingly, and await their fiat.

My object in the foregoing pages has been to

narrate as concisely as possible the events which characterised my journey from India. In the course of a four years' occupation in peculiar literary pursuits, where I had ample opportunity to read the multifarious productions of modern times and but little to reflect on and digest their contents, an impression has gained upon me that scarcely anything now remained to be told respecting the surface of things in Europe and Asia, and still less as regarded the main portions of Persia, Turkey, Germany, and Russia. For this reason I have skipped over the minute details which ordinarily swell out octavo volumes in this blessed age of book-making, and endeavoured to supply the deficiency with such passing remarks as the various and changeful scene suggested. The mere itinerarian will find, however, that I have not forgotten him, for the Appendix has been appropriated to a register of the peculiarities of the different villages in Asia, and their relative distances have been marked with as much accuracy as the absence of perambulatory instruments would permit.

In giving the names of places I have invariably employed those in use amongst the inhabitants of each, and I deem it a subject of great regret that such a course is not more general amongst travellers and geographers. Were this once adopted—and he who undertook the task would deserve well of his country—men searching in a map for Tabreez, Lemberg, Herzog-Busche, Isfahan, or Trebisond, would not be tortured with such substitutes as Tauris, Leopol, or Lvoff, Bois le Duc, Ispahan, and Tarabozane.

The information it has been my fortune to convey on matters of commercial and political interest are chiefly derived from other sources than my own immediate observation. Official records, and the communications of friends, have with permission been made use of; but in other respects all is the result of personal inquiry, and I can only regret that want of time and other circumstances precluded its extension.

I have no more to say—I stand prepared for judgment.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A.

Itinerary of the Author's route from Bebuhan to Tabreez, over the Mountains of Buctiari and through the centre Provinces of Persia.

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
BEBUHAN		See page 92 of vol. i.
Tungh-ta-Koh	6 hours	A fortress on the summit of a mountain pass, occupied by a few individuals. A few date plantations and patches of cultivation on the table land in the neighbourhood and in the dell beneath. The Jerahi flows through the pass.
Booah	12 hours	The ruins of a small caravanserai by the side of a broad mountain stream. There is a great deal of table land in this vicinity, but the road to Booah is over a mass of terrific rocky heights. It was

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
		impossible to ride up these acclivities without great risk. The party accompanying the author dismounted and assisted the mules and horses to ascend; but the precaution taken and the assistance rendered, did not prevent one laden horse from rolling over a frightful precipice, being dashed to pieces in his fall.
Deidass	12 hours	The ruins of an ancient and extensive walled town, situated in the heart of a picturesque valley. Within a hundred yards of the entrance to the town is a ruined caravanserai, and in its immediate neighbourhood flows a mountain stream.
Tungh Berarah	5 hours	A rocky pass, abounding in caverns and recesses, which the Bebuhanees proceeding into the mountains invariably make their resting place. Numerous brooks formed by the melting snows of the mountains in the vicinity furnish an inexhaustible supply of water.
Safariah	8 hours	A small cluster of decayed dwellings, surrounded by a few noble trees at the summit of a vast elevation, whence falls a beautiful cascade. This appears to be a permanent location, for as much cultivation is carried on as the small quantity of table land will admit, and there is an extensive cemetery attached to the dwellings. The hospitality of

Names of Places.	Distance	Characteristics of each Place.
		the inhabitants supplies the traveller with milk, bread, and mutton.
Sadaat	8 hours	Ruins of a once spacious city on the peak of a lofty mountain. Part of the buildings were undergoing repair, and a musjed, or place of worship, (the only one in Buctiari,) had just been raised. About a hundred families dwell here, and devote much attention to the culture of the vine, the produce of which is sent to Shiraz. The whole neighbourhood is exceedingly fertile and well watered. Roses, apples, walnuts, and plums, grow every where in wild abundance. The height of the mountain above the level of the sea must be very considerable, for the thermometer was at no more than 46 Fahrenheit, and the air piercing cold. The ascent, as well as that to Safariah, is difficult and perilous.
Rhod-Khona-Garr'm	18 hours	A rapid and a roaring torrent, caused by the melting of the snows on the summit of an adjoining mountain. The long and cheerless journey to this spot lies through a succession of rock, forest, and cascade, over awful acclivities, and by the edge of precipices overhanging deep ravines. So difficult is the passage of the torrent, that each person bearing a load on his head was obliged to be supported across the stream by two or three

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
		others, who could with difficulty keep their legs, though the water only reached to their breasts.
Pellaut	5 hours	A small village of stone and mud huts, at the base of a rocky hill skirting a broad plain, where a little cultivation of barley and grain is carried on. At this point there is a beaten road which leads to Shiraz.
Simiroon	11 hours	An extensive town built on a lofty hill. There is a beautiful fountain at the summit which supplies the whole with water by means of natural falls. Simiroon is populous and fertile. The fruits are abundant and of a superior quality. The people are inhospitable. The influence of the Begler Beg of Bebuhan ceases at this point, and every thing procured must therefore be paid for at an exorbitant rate.
Coree	6 hours	A walled town of small dimensions and trifling population. The people are better than those of Simiroon. Provisions of no kind abundant.
Comeshaw	8 hours	This is an extensive town, containing an excellent caravanserai. It has been too often described to need particular mention.

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
Maiya— Ispahan		See the works of Chardin, Ouseley, Malcolm, &c. &c.
Ven Isfahan	3 hours	An extensive fruitful village, connected with Isfahan by a long succession of gardens, buildings, and plantations.
Charlasees	7 hours	A noble caravanserai in the best Persian style. In the neighbourhood is a small village, where milk, eggs, curds, &c., may be procured.
Allahee	7 hours	A large walled village, containing several gardens and poplar groves.
Mée Méeah	8 hours	A populous and apparently handsome looking town surrounded by farms and plantations. Great quantities of grapes are grown about here. The grass in the neighbourhood is likewise very rich and plentiful.
Shoor Aub	9 hours	There are no houses here, nor in the immediate vicinage. Nothing but a few caverns offer shelter to the traveller, and the water is bitter and unwholesome. Good pasturage for horses and mules.
Dilijoon	9 hours	This is a village of considerable size and strength, having high round towers at each projection for its defence. Vines are cultivated in this district to a great extent.

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
Dood-hek	6 hours	A handsome caravanserai stands by the side of a broad stream, over which is built a strong brick bridge. Beyond the bridge, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, are a few houses, but the tenants are exceedingly poor, and unable to furnish provisions (excepting bread and dry curds) on any terms.
Paulondoozur	8 hours	A village scarcely inhabited, and gardens yielding little or nothing. The few inhabitants are, however, rich in poultry, flocks, and herds; and dispose of meat, eggs, fowls, and milk at small charge.
Shad Bellah	6 hours	Two miles from this place is a spacious imâam or tomb, attached to which is a small caravanserai. Near the entrance to the latter is a well of sweet water. The whole place affords a pleasant asylum to the traveller for a few hours.
Oolosgerte	4 hours	This is an extensive location, one half of it being in ruins. The people are inquisitive and troublesome. Provisions (excepting fruit) are tolerably cheap and plentiful.
Shahee-samon	6 hours	Resembles the foregoing in extent and resources. The people are reputed to be great thieves, and the traveller is ad-

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
		vised to accept none of the accommodation within the town which is here so frequently and generally tendered.
Karee-a-baugh	5 hours	Karee-a-baugh is by no means so spacious as Shahee-samon. The inhabitants however enjoy a better character.
Gozel darré	6 hours	The road to this place and to the foregoing is spread with beautiful sky-blue stones. In the immediate neighbourhood are large fields of corn and much high grass. The village is poor, and the inhabitants few in number.
Hakiam	6 hours	One half of the country between Gozel darré and this place is stony and precipitous. Within four miles on either side of Hakiam it assumes a different aspect, and appears clothed with verdure. Plantations of clover, melons, the caster oil plant, and corn, are very numerous.
Laldan	4 hours	The whole of the land near Laldan is in a high state of cultivation. The village produces milk, mutton, fowls, eggs, bread, and apples.
Chimboclé	5 hours	The road to this village is extremely acclivitous. There are a great many small hamlets between Chimboclé and Laldan, and the whole country is well

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
		watered by streams flowing from the mountains. At this village, as well as at all those which are not specified as possessing caravanserais, accommodation is obtained in the ruins of old houses, excepting when some poor peasant can be prevailed on to let his house for the day. Those travellers who carry tents with them will not, of course, need any of the shelter afforded in the village.
Veitch	5 hours	There is no cultivation on the road to this place. The houses at Veitch are small, and built in the form of a bee-hive. The inhabitants are poor and dirty.
Burjuree	6 hours	A wealthy and populous village, yielding every thing that can be desired on a journey. The ground is exceedingly rugged from Veitch, and numberless Illyautees are encamped about the route.
Gola-mautch	6 hours	A small village consisting of a few low square huts. A coppice of young ash and willow trees, through which runs a brook of delicious water, furnishes a shady resting place to the traveller. Excellent honey and fruit are procurable here.
Bauree	8 hours	This is a small village, about two pharsaghs, or eight English miles, beyond

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
		the town of Zunjoon. Most travellers stop at the latter, which has been already described by Macdonald Kinneir, &c. The prevalence of the plague obliged the author of these volumes to make for Bauree, or he would also have stopped at Zunjoon.
Neekpy	4 hours	See divers "overland journies."
Serchem	6 hours	Ditto, ditto.
Meemoonah	7 hours	Ditto, ditto.
Turkoman Clake	8 hours	Ditto, ditto.
Kareebdoos	1 hour	A little hamlet seated in the heart of cultivated plains. A few gardens, groves, and small coppices afford shelter from the sun; and excellent bread, milk, onions, cucumbers, &c., are obtainable.
Ghilek	6 hours	Caravanserai.
Hajee Agha	4 hours	The site of this village is exceedingly pretty. It stands on a slight eminence, at the foot of which flows a delicious rivulet, crossed by a stone bridge of a single arch. Distant half a mile, stands a handsome country seat of the prince royal of Persia. There are some small stables for the accommodation of travellers,

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
		and the village is rich in fruits, poultry, eggs, milk, and honey.
TABREEZ.	8 hours	Vide Malcolm, Kinneir, Porter, Johnson, Ouseley, Lumsden, Kotzebue, *cum multis aliis.*
Maiyun.	3 hours	A little mud-built village, north-west of Tabreez, containing a small caravanserai.
Dizzur Khul'l.	6 hours	See pages 180, 181, of vol. i.
Tasuch.	7 hours	
KHOIE.	5 hours	See page 184 of vol. i.
Zoorawar.	7 hours	One of a cluster of hamlets, consisting merely of miserable huts and a few useless trees, The people are Turks, and cultivators, and readily supply the traveller's wants.
Karee Nee.	6 hours	This is a very small and scattered village, but it supplies all the necessaries of life in abundance. The bread is of a better quality than one generally obtains in Turkey.
Arap deezur.	8 hours	A small collection of rude stone buildings, occasionally inhabited by a tribe of Koords, offers temporary shelter at this place. No village is near, and provisions are therefore only procurable from the tribes.

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
BAYAZEED.	5 hours	See page 199 of vol. i.
Diadūn.	7 hours	This is one of those miserable little colonies of Armenians which scarcely deserve the name of villages. The huts are built of rough stone, and roofed with earth. Lacteal food, such as mās, cheese, butter, &c., may be obtained; but little else. There is but little fruit in these districts.
Chamourley.	12 hours	A similar location to the foregoing.
Késhishkoie.	3 hours	Ditto ditto.
ALASHKE.	1 hour	A small town and fortress built on a conical mount. There is a caravanserai for the accommodation of travellers, and the town is well supplied with meat and vegetables, Alashké is not in the direct road to Trebisond, and may not therefore be often visited; but it is nevertheless worth seeing.
Mul Sulin n.	1 hour and a half	This is precisely such another place as Diadun, Chamourly, &c.
Dalla Baba.	2 hours	A tolerably extensive, picturesque, and well supplied village. Water is not so abundant as in most of the foregoing places, but there are several wells which yield a sufficient supply.

Names of Places.	Distance.	Characteristics of each Place.
Hassan Caleh	3 hours	See page 238 of the first volume, and the works of Ouseley and others, before quoted.
Arzeroum	6 hours	Vide page 239 of the first volume, and Mr. Morier's travels as secretary to the embassy of Sir Harford Jones.
Pochie.	4 hours	A small village, inhabited by Armenians and Turks. The houses here assume a civilized appearance, and the place furnishes the ordinary necessaries of life.
Gosher Bowar	6 hours	Ditto ditto. There is a caravanserai here of small dimensions.
Mussut.	6 hours	A thicket of willows, ash, and forest trees, near to which are the ruins of a tomb. Shelter, water, and fire-wood, may be procured here, but nothing else.
Baiboot	5 hours	A large and populous town, having a comfortable khan or caravanserai.
Bulla-chor.	7 hours	A wretched little village, containing only a few wood-cutters' residences.
Sophie Vesli	2 hours 4 hours	These are two of a series of cottages which are scattered singly or in clusters over the whole chain of mountains between Bullachor and Trebizond. Bread and fruit, and sometimes meat, are to be had in them, and if the traveller desires

to repose, the inhabitants, who are Turkish peasants, very readily afford him accommodation.

N. B. The foregoing itinerary embraces merely the villages, &c., at which the author halted during his journey. There are many others in the road leading to the above named places, and likewise in their neighbourhood, but no notice is taken of them because their situation could not be accurately ascertained. In computing distance, the Turkish system of counting hours has been observed. Any other plan would be objectionable, for as the ground (particularly in the mountains of Buctiari, and in Turkey) is extremely unequal, it is impossible to say what space may have been covered in a given time. It very often occurred that the ascent of a mountain, six hundred yards high, occupied as much time as a five mile journey over level ground. The usual pace of the chuppa horse, is that of a walk and occasional amble.

Travellers are advised generally to provide themselves with a tent in the plains of Persia, and on the journey from Tabreez to Trebisond, and on no account to join a caravan if they wish to avoid delay or the risk of being robbed.

B.—*Table of the Arrival of European Vessels at the Port of Trebisond in the year* 1830.

Description and Flag of Vessels.	IMPORTATION.	
	Description of Cargo.	From whence.
Schooner Imperial	3,000 killoes of Grain	Theodosia.
Brig ditto	7,000 ditto ditto	Ditto.
Brig Russian	6,000 ditto ditto	Kosloff.
Brig Imperial	Sugar, Pepper, Cottons, Steel, and Salt	Constantinople
Ditto, ditto	Manufactures on Persian account, Sugar, Coffee, &c.	Ditto.
Ditto, ditto	Grain, Sheeps' Wool, &c.	Theodosia.
Brig Sardinian	Manufactures on Persian account, 400 killoes Salt	Constantinople.
Brig Tuscan	Manufactures on Persian account, Sugar, Coffee, and Rum	Ditto.
Ship Tuscan	8,000 killoes Salt	Ditto.
Schooner Ionian	Steel, Soap, Tin, 4,000 killoes Salt, &c.	Ditto.
Brig Ionian	8,000 killoes Salt	Ditto.
Brig Imperial	Sugar, Rum, Coffee, &c. and 9,000 killoes Salt	Ditto.
Ditto, ditto	Sugar, Coffee, &c. and 5,000 killoes Salt	Ditto.
Ship ditto	7,000 killoes Salt	Ditto.
Brig ditto	Cottons, Steel, Tin, Soap, Salt, &c.	Ditto.
Brig Russian	Grain, Sheeps' Wool, &c.	Kosloff.
Brig Neapolitan	Manufactures on Persian account	Constantinople.
Brig Russian	Grain, Iron, &c.	Taganrog.
Brig Neapolitan	Manufactures on Persian account	Constantinople.
Brig Sardinian	Cotton Manufactures, Sugar, Coffee, Salt, &c.	Ditto.
Schooner Greek	Soap, Coffee, Sugar, Oil, &c.	Ditto.
Brig English	Manufactures, Iron, Tin, and Colonials	London and Malta.
Brig Tuscan	Manufactures, &c.	Constantinople.
Brig Neapolitan	Manufactures, Persian account	Ditto.
Cutter Imperial	Manufactures, Persian account, Sugar, Coffee, Rum	Ditto.
Schooner Imperial	Manufactures, &c. for Trebisond and Persia	Ditto.

N[illegible] Turk[illegible] which might amoun[illegible] about 85. [illegible]rag[illegible] [illegible]llectively

Table of the Arrival of Vessels at the Port of Trebisond in the year 1831.

Flag.	No. of Vessels.	No. of Tons.
Neapolitan	2	517
Austrian	14	4,077
Sardinian	7	1,549
Turk*	95	8,580
Russian	10	1,492
Ionian	7	783
English	2	336
	137	17,334

* Turkish ships are never measured; but a guess has been made by the number of killoes of wheat each was reported to carry.

C.—ODESSA.

The following notice of Odessa should have appeared in the chapter devoted to the circumstances which occurred to the author while there, (page 22, vol. ii.),

The population of Odessa was ascertained in a much more accurate manner than the police are habituated to adopt in the preparation of their returns, during the prevalence of the plague. The inspectors of the different wards were required by the Board of Health to give a list of the names of every inhabitant in the houses under their inspection. The population was thus proved to be forty-two thousand, about six or eight thousand more than the police returns, which latter every body had long considered incorrect.

The extent of the commerce of Odessa cannot be exactly determined, but the following is a pretty accurate valuation of the *average* of the exports and imports.

EXPORTS.

800,000 chetwyts of Wheat, Rye, and Barley, of which 70,000 at least are Wheat, at 20 roubles	rs. 16,000,000
300,000 pood of Tallow, at ten roubles per pood	3,000,000
Wool and other articles . . .	4,000,000
Roubles	23,000,000

The rouble may usually be considered as worth tenpence English.

IMPORTS.

The imports amount to about five millions of roubles, and consist chiefly of wines, sugar, coffee, porter, and a few manufactures.

ANTIQUITY OF ODESSA.

It has been stated that the present town of Odessa has suddenly sprung into existence; for that thirty years ago it was merely a wretched little fishing village. It would seem, however, from an article which has been recently inserted in the excellent magazine, (the Metropolitan,) published by Saunders and Otley, that evidence has turned up of the former existence on the site of Odessa of a Greek settlement. The article is here transcribed.

"The works now carrying on for the improvement of Odessa have afforded an additional evidence that, as had been presumed from the measures of distances given by Arrian, and the anonymous author of a voyage in the Euxine, a settlement formerly existed there, under the name of Ιστριανῶν λιμὴν, or harbour of the city of Istros. Previous discoveries made in enlarging the harbour, when many beautiful antique vases of Greek workmanship were found, resembling in form those usually called Etruscan, have supported this theory; and M. Van der Vlies, a skilful engineer, who has the charge of the works in that part of the harbour, has lately presented to the museum of antiquities at Odessa, an amphora in excellent preservation, and a fragment of another vase of the same

kind, of a coarse earth. These vases, it is well known, were used for domestic purposes, and the ancients kept wine and oil in them. The name of the manufacturer, which it was customary to engrave within the neck of the amphora, is too much effaced to be legible.

THE END.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

00085022

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016